

THE *Canadian* FORUM

38th Year of Issue

Toronto, Ontario, March, 1959

Fifty Cents

Back to the Drafting Board

James Eayrs

► THE GOVERNMENT'S decision to abandon the Arrow was the right decision. It was strategically sound. Indeed (as argued in the September, 1958 issue of *The Canadian Forum*), it was strategically inescapable. The Arrow is a superb piece of machinery, a really splendid aircraft. It also happens to be the wrong aircraft, produced by the wrong country at the wrong time. It is obsolete. It is redundant. It is exorbitantly expensive, a "*flèche d'or*" (with gold at \$35 an ounce), and to have put it into production would have been a billion dollar boondoggle. Mr. Diefenbaker's verdict was correct from every point of view. Only the manner of its execution may be legitimately criticized, and for that the A. V. Roe Company must assume part, and perhaps a major part, of the responsibility. Its management committed a serious tactical mistake, not to say a deed of questionable morality, in seeking to use the fate of the Avro and Orenda labor forces to bully the Government into further production for fear of political consequences. No handwriting on any wall has ever appeared so legibly as did the Prime Minister's statement of September 23, 1958. To all observers save the Company's it foreshadowed the end of the Arrow. The interval might have decently been used to wind up operations in stages; perhaps to assist workers to find other jobs, or at least warn them of impending dismissal. Instead the management held out hopes as high as they were unfounded. It besieged the Government with a variety of unrealistic alternatives, of which the first "alternative," incredibly enough, was to "produce the Arrow to meet Canada's defence requirements." These mistaken tactics, as much as ministerial highhandedness, have been the cause of that breakdown in communication between company and government of which Mr. Crawford Gordon's statement so bitterly complains. The anger of Avro and Orenda workers at what they understandably construe as political betrayal might with equal logic and justice be directed against their employer.

The country as a whole seems less shaken than might be expected by an event which double coincidence invests with unusual symbolic significance. Fifty years before, the "Silver Dart" began the age of Canadian aviation; fifty years before, the House of Commons debated the Laurier Naval Bill whose central issue was not unlike today's. But in Southern Ontario the Arrow's cancellation has struck deeply at a sensitive zone; and there the exhortation of the Prime Minister is matched only by a fresh upsurge of anti-American sentiment. Were Mr. Dulles not so sick a man, he, rather than Mr. Diefenbaker, would doubtless be playing his familiar scapegoat's part.

Such a reaction, however predictable, is singularly unjustified. In 1952 or 1953 the Government of that day sent emissaries to Washington with word that Canada had plans

for a fighter interceptor of exceptional capabilities; that it wished to proceed with its development; and that the cost would be prohibitive unless shared by the United States or defrayed by American purchases. They can only have been told that a number of comparable aircraft were under development at American plants; that at least one aircraft of vastly superior performance was expected to emerge; and that the Administration, presiding over a democracy undistinguished for self-discipline, could not ignore the interests of domestic aviation nor the pressure of its lobbies. Sensitive, perhaps, to charges of interfering in Canadian affairs, the United States authorities may not have drawn the obvious inference from this information. They may even have wished the Canadians well in their adventure. But nothing said or done in Washington at that time or since that time may be taken as an American inducement to produce, still less as an American commitment to buy. When, therefore, six years and four hundred million dollars later, we cannot sell the Arrow in the United States, we can fairly blame no one but ourselves.

It is being said—indeed screamed from housetops—that scrapping the Arrow has further increased our dependence upon the United States. One typical pronouncement has it that the Government's decision "erases the border." (It may be noted that Canadians seem eager enough to witness the erasing of other nations' borders.) In fact we are less dependent on the United States without the Arrow than we would be with it. Having liberated a billion dollars from an utterly useless undertaking, we may now (if we wish) devote immense resources to projects to strengthen our powers of independent decision. An extension of our diplomatic representation abroad, for example. Or an expanded programme of foreign aid. Or a spirited contrivance of those new weapons which are really needed—weapons capable of intercepting ballistic missiles, of detecting and destroying nuclear-powered, missile-firing submarines, and thus of deterring

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Current Comment

Pre-Budget Horrors

Mr. Fleming faces a multitude of pressing and perplexing problems as he prepares, no doubt with his usual self-conscious diligence, to bring down his budget. For although unemployment is at its post-war peak, the Minister of Finance has been bombarded with dire predictions that Canada is on the verge of a galloping inflation. So that whatever he decides to do he will be accused of either neglecting the unemployed or adding to the inflationary problem—or both. Confronted by such a dilemma our irascible Minister of Finance must daydream about being miraculously delivered from his enemies (on both sides of the House) by a well executed budget leak.

Although some of Mr. Fleming's critics are extremists, there can be little doubt that he is in serious trouble. A full six months before the Liberals were chased out of office on June 19, 1957, the number of persons unemployed started to rise for reasons not connected with the season. It continued to increase for about two years—until October, 1958. Since then unemployment has been declining and the latest figures suggest that the rate of decline is now more rapid than had been anticipated. This improvement is in part attributable to small increases in production in a few industries; but a more important factor has been the withdrawal of men and women from the labor force. With their unemployment insurance benefits exhausted, many people for whom the chances of getting a job are remote or for whom the need is perhaps less urgent, have simply given up and are no longer actively seeking work. The problem of unemployment has to a considerable extent been concealed rather than solved.

Despite this partial improvement in the unemployment problem, Mr. Fleming can't escape from the fact that unless he can postpone his budget until the latter half of May he is going to be bringing it down at a time when the latest available figures will apply either to February or March—and will almost certainly show that post-war unemployment has never been higher. With the statistics showing that over 600,000 people are out of work, it would take a brave man indeed to raise income taxes in order to fight a *possible* inflation.

The widely held fear that Canada will be subjected to great inflationary pressures during the next fiscal year seems to be based on three assumptions. If there is going to be a rapid upturn in economic activity; and if the Government intends to maintain or expand its expenditures by borrowing still more funds; and if the Government is unwilling to let interest rates rise sharply (and perhaps to unprecedented heights) then we are bound to have an explosion of prices. It can be argued quite plausibly that each of these assumptions will be realized; and Mr. Fleming's critics seem almost certain that they will. Consider, for example, the question of Government spending.

Since last April the Government has been spending a great deal more than it has been receiving from taxes. It has been borrowing, on the average, \$125 million a month to make up the difference. A large portion of the money borrowed by the Government in fact has been money created by the Government—for the money supply has increased by about the same amount as the Government's indebtedness. This vast increase in the money supply makes possible a rapid expansion in activity, with increases in prices, which

it would be most difficult for the Bank of Canada to control. But this is not the end of the story. The estimates placed before the House of Commons in early February of this year suggest that Mr. Fleming's cash requirements for the fiscal year 1960 will be about \$100-200 million greater than in the current fiscal year. Now if the economy continues to revive the "take" from the present structure of taxes and rates will also increase so as to reduce the level of borrowing necessary for next year. However, even if the tax receipts increase by 10 percent the government probably would still have to find an additional \$100 million per month.

How will Mr. Fleming raise this monstrous sum? His critics fear he will take the easy way out and borrow all the funds he needs. Moreover, they think he will not go into the market and compete for these funds with other borrowers—and thereby push interest rates up—but will once again get the funds by expanding the money supply. On top of the previous increases in the money supply, further increases of nearly the same magnitude would be disastrous.

The more optimistic view is that the Minister of Finance will obtain the cash he needs both by raising taxes and by borrowing. It has been suggested that the old age security taxes will almost certainly be raised and that an increase in corporation income taxes and some sales and excise taxes are in the offing. Perhaps these tax increases together could account for half the cash required. What about the balance? Obviously it would have to be borrowed; but if Mr. Fleming re-establishes his "soundness" in the eyes of the capital market by raising taxes there would be much less difficulty in borrowing the rest. Specifically, renewed confidence in the Government's desire to hold the general price level down would tend to push up bond prices and make it possible for the Government to obtain the funds it needs without

Rp

Twelve Modern French-Canadian Poets

Translated by G. R. ROY. "Professor Roy has done a real service to poetry readers in Canada by producing this volume of French Canadian verse translated into English . . . These poets like those who are writing in any language today have done with easy platitudes and ready acceptance. They are questioners and searchers."—M.E.G., in the *CRAG AND CANYON*, Banff, Alberta, \$3.50.

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increasing the money supply and without creating fantastically high rates of interest.

The optimistic view is more realistic—although it conflicts with the writer's prejudices. The lack of confidence in the Government bond market at the present time must be a source of great concern to Mr. Fleming; for in addition to raising new funds next year he also has to refinance another billion and a half dollars worth of maturing bonds. Unless he can convince bond holders that the Government is really going to fight inflation—despite the political costs—this will be a most difficult task. Moreover, the optimists can rely to some extent on the Governor of the Bank of Canada to buttress their position. Mr. Coyne is really anxious to fight inflation; and while in the past he did too little, and then too much and too late and for the wrong reasons, he can be counted on to resist further increases in the money supply. This will force Mr. Fleming either to raise the money the hard way or to face a battle with Mr. Coyne.

Finally, if Mr. Fleming is able to create even a semblance of confidence in his own ability a run-away inflation will not materialize because the rate of economic expansion will be relatively slow, and there will be unused resources in virtually all sectors of the economy by the year end.

Whether or not one is sanguine about our economic prospects we can all agree that it will be a miracle, if Mr. Fleming survives. In the relatively near future he will probably have to reverse himself on several issues, including perhaps the desirability of "tight money" and the appropriateness of surplus budgeting. Even more serious is the loss of popular support which almost any decision he reaches will entail. One can't help feeling that after the industrious Mr. Fleming has done all the dirty work in the next year or two, he will make the ideal fall guy—about eighteen months before the next election.

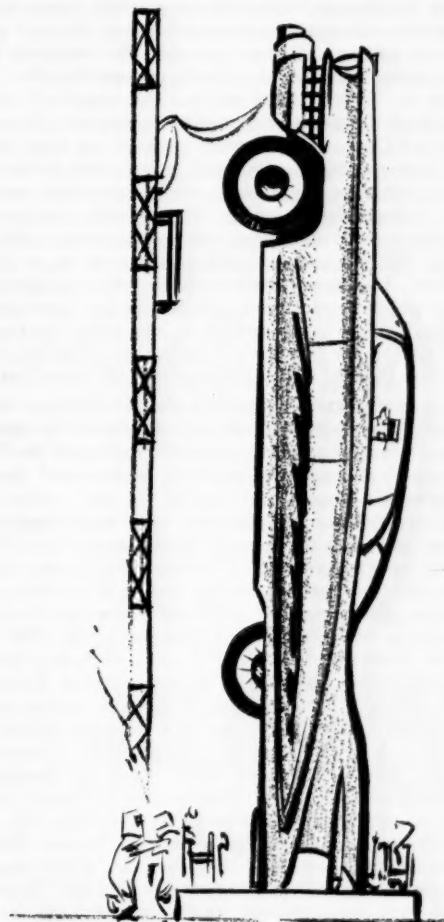
DOUGLAS HARTLE.

Recent Teamster Activities in Canada

A recent membership revolt in a Toronto local of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters has highlighted the question of future Teamster operations in Canada. Since 1957 when James Hoffa became president of the union the activities and ambitious public statements of the Teamsters in Canada have markedly increased. Led by Central Conference Director I. M. (Casey) Dodds the Teamsters have boasted of raising their Canadian membership from the present total of over 40,000 to around 60,000 by the end of 1959, and in ten years to over 250,000. The Teamsters are at present the sixth largest union in Canada and say they soon will become the largest. Their locals cover a variety of occupations in addition to those directly connected with transportation—from ticket-takers to pickle-packers—and plans have been made to enter even more job areas, notably the large mail-order department stores



WELL, NOTHING VENTURED NOTHING GAINED



and the St. Lawrence Seaway. Developments of the past year, however, suggest that the Teamsters will need more than paper plans and unbounded optimism if their goals in Canada are to be achieved.

In the first place, government and the press in both the United States and Canada are at present highly critical of the Union. American Congressional Committees have examined and deplored Teamster activities while the Kennedy Bill, immediately before Congress, is designed to impose legislative restraints on Teamster actions. In September of last year an Ontario Royal Commissioner, Mr. Justice R. D. Roach, reported on the Teamster organization of truckers hauling sand and gravel in the Toronto-Hamilton area, and exposed in Canada many of the mal-practices already brought out by the Congressional Committees. Mr. Justice Roach, in addition to condemning the violent organizational methods of the Teamsters denied that owner-operators of trucks might join together to form a legitimate trade union. He answered positively, and unfavourably for the Teamsters, the difficult question of whether a truck-driver, by the purchase of his own truck, ceases to become a worker selling his labor and becomes instead an entrepreneur selling transport services. He declared that the Teamsters, by organizing truck owners, had in fact conspired to "limit unduly" the trade in sand and gravel and were liable for prosecution under Section 411 (1) (a) of the Criminal Code. Condemnation such as has been levelled at the Teamsters by governmental investigative bodies, in addition to criticism in the press, cannot be ignored even by the most callous labor leader. With public disapproval the maintenance of discipline among the union members becomes difficult and bargaining power in wage disputes is reduced. The direct bearing which public sympathy has on trade union development can readily be appreciated by a comparison of union growth in the early nineteen-thirties with that of the late thirties, before and after the revolution in social thought which accompanied the New Deal.

A second factor which may restrict Teamster growth in Canada is growing opposition from within the labor movement itself. Although the strategic position of the Teamsters in control of many of the means of transport has brought considerable respect and fear in the past, serious conflicts with other labor organizations now seem imminent. The all-inclusive definition which Teamsters apply to themselves—and which one cynic has termed anyone who sleeps on a bed with casters and another has said includes expectant mothers about to make a delivery—seem certain to involve the union in violent jurisdictional disputes. The expulsion of the Teamsters from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. makes the question of jurisdiction particularly pressing in the United States, and although the Canadian Teamsters remain within the Canadian Labor Congress their arrogant boasts in this country have thoroughly aroused their opponents. The United Mine Workers of America and the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks have indicated their intention of opposing Teamster expansion while the Canadian Brotherhood of Rail, Transport and General Workers has been newly formed with a jurisdiction which may include employees on the St. Lawrence Seaway. Although the Teamsters have recently made arrangements for cooperation with the International Longshoremen's Association and the Seafarers' International Union, opposition from rival organizations will certainly constitute a serious obstacle to Teamster growth.

Within the past few weeks it has become apparent that, in addition to other Teamster problems, all is not well within the union ranks. Members of Local 938 in Toronto have alleged that collusion existed between management and

the union executive in a dispute with the Motor Transport Industrial Relations Bureau, an organization representing 65 firms with 7,000 employees. At a stormy membership meeting it was charged further that there were irregularities in the process of contract ratification. An attempt by the Teamster International executive in Washington to settle the issue by placing the local under trusteeship—a device to confer absolute power upon President Hoffa—was met with opposition from the floor and with calls for an inquiry into the affairs of the union. In theory all locals of the Teamsters Union are completely subservient to the International, but in practice this subservience has not always been easy to maintain. The careers of past Teamster presidents Dan Tobin and Dave Beck were marred several times by bitter controversy with an enraged membership, and it appears that James Hoffa has received the first important challenge to his leadership in Toronto. As this internal controversy continues Teamster appeal to new members will decline.

From recent investigations it has become clear that Teamster labor practices are at least ruthless and of questionable legality, and that the governmental structure of the union is at best informally democratic. If the Teamsters Union is able to grow to the size that it has predicted for itself it will certainly pose a serious threat to Canadian society. But before more concrete evidence of Teamster success appears there seems limited cause for concern. The Teamsters are at present simply a particularly aggressive organization with formidable problems, loud boasts, and a future of dubious worth.

CRAUFURD D. W. GOODWIN.

Letter from London

► IN THE COMMON ROOM the students were arriving in ones and twos. The London hostess greeted each pleasantly as she gave us the list of the twelve who would be coming on the week-end tour. No need to consult the print to know that the small, earnest figure wearing thick glasses was Japanese. But it was hard to tell who might be who, nonetheless; with those from Hong Kong looking more Burmese than Chinese; the Malaysians looking Japanese; and the brown-skinned, spirited young man from Burma looking East-Indian, except for his very full lips. As a technical adviser, he was the most travelled, with an excellent command of English. The others had plunged from technical colleges across continents to attend further courses in the practical sciences: all except the lone girl from South Africa, a teacher. Fair, delicate and soft-spoken, she seemed quite at ease with the colored students. Had apartheid been without impact here?

Our bus driver, Bert, a tall, good-looking Cockney, turned out to be an Ulsterman in origin; but London schools had given him a different polish. He gathered his brood into the waiting bus without a hint of a pep talk. His manner, quiet and sympathetic, was reassuring.

In the bus we tended to sit alone. A little priest from Malta chose a place beside Helen, the blonde South African. By the first stop we were all beginning to talk; and over coffee the Maltese spoke in asides to us two women. "Do you realize that we three are the only white people in the party?" "No", I said, "are we?" He himself, with his sallown complexion, bald head with a small

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fringe of black hair, looked more French than anything else; but his accent betrayed his Arabic. I preferred the appearance of the really black man from Ghana. Representing an African business firm (capitalized in Britain), his totally different life interests and his age separated him from the rest of us. He walked alone, sometimes disappearing for a whole session. When I managed to get him talking about the political situation in Ghana, his response was light-hearted. "We can't become a dictatorship," he told me, "because we have a British constitution!" The hereditary chiefs, now trying to get support when they have been deprived of their ancient status, will, he thought, get adjusted to the new political alignments. But Mr. Ghana's main interest in his country was on the economic front. He was more at home than any of us on the evening when we were taken to a play which revolved around a business men's board meeting. "Ah ha! That's it," he chuckled all through the performance, almost prancing out of his seat. To the Japanese student of languages however, the play was almost meaningless—he did not like the accents of the actors (BBC combined with Yorkshire.) The other students laughed when everyone laughed and never divulged whether or not they followed the machinations of the stage *Who-Dun-It*.

By the first evening we had come to grips with the argument that ebbed and flowed all week-end: the different effects of the British and American way on African or Asian countries. "We have to catch up to America," asserted Mr. Burma. He did not think the oriental world was likely to resist materialism for the sake of maintaining a philosophical calm. "But see 'ere," declared Bert: "You can go too far with this American-type materialism. We British 'aven't given in to the American pace. We like our leisure and I think we know how to make use of it." That proved to be an opportunity for several of us to pile on the evidence against American films in Britain, American TV and advertising methods, and the tabloids. "And what about H.P.?" someone demanded. Bert admitted that he was buying a car on time, that he owned the biggest "tely" in the neighborhood; and that he had to work overtime, as he was doing this very week-end, to pay for it all. "There you are! The American pattern." "All the same," said Bert, "if I 'ad enough money to live like a lord, that's wot I'd do. I'd buy me an old castle in the south of England and enjoy my leisure, I would." The Burmese regarded him sceptically.

By the second evening together we began to question each other on a more underlying problem, the British attitude to colonials — particularly of course to the thousands of students she is encouraging to come here for study on fellowships. Most outspoken and most bitter was the Japanese. "An Englishman is always asking us: how do you like our weather, our food, our homes? What can we answer? The weather is excusable, the food is excruciating; and students who have one icy room with a gas ring on Tottenham Court Road, don't see much of England's homes. I suppose I am lucky. I have a landlady who gives me meals. But I cannot eat the stuff. And in addition, she is always saying things to me, cutting things, to remind me that I am not British. In shops the people shout at you as if you could not be expected to understand. At the University, for three months I have sat beside English students; not once have they spoken to me. As for English girls!"—he looked at me to see if I understood the implication. "You mean, they are like men?" He nodded vigorously. Perhaps the Japanese were used to a more pliable type of girl; but he thought he could manage a girl on a fifty-fifty basis. "These English girls, they make it sixty-forty!" American girls

terrified him almost as much; the French were too frivolous. The only girls he really liked were the German students: "They are quiet but they can talk and laugh with you; and they know good etiquette." But Mr. Japan would do without girls if he could feel at home in London, if he had friends. "All the Japanese students I see here have found it impossible to get to know the English. We have given up trying now: we bury our noses in our books. But we will not go home feeling happy about England."

All week-end, we kept stumbling over this word, "happy." I shared a room with Helen, and after we had run out of shillings for the heater we dived under the bedclothes and began to talk in the dark. Helen lived in a hostel with part British students, part overseas students. She knew many. The pattern scarcely varied. Happy? No, most of the newcomers were miserable. "The British students are so self-satisfied and so reserved that overseas students not only feel disregarded, they feel actively unwanted . . . One day, as an experiment, I invited a few Asians and Africans in, for tea. The attitude of the landlady and of the other students was so unfriendly; their conversation was so self-centred, self-assured and exclusive, that when my overseas friends had gone I went up to my room and cried and cried."

I marvelled at Helen. How had she become so free, so warm, growing up in South Africa? It developed that she was in an Anglican community that had been influenced by Father Huddleston. Her parents insisted that Africans were servants and of a lower mental order, but Helen had questioned this steadily. The experience in England, of living on equal terms with the blacks was "like a great breath of fresh air."

On this, the last day of our tour, our party moves easily, shifting and mixing. The Burmese has contrived to absorb most of Helen's attention and he looks the happiest of the lot. Curiously, he is the only one who disagrees with Helen. He thinks that once an outsider accepts the limitations of the British climate, the pulpy food sprinkled with eternal chips, and the nature of the British animal—his reserve, his eventual willingness to have a drink with you in the pub, but not to bring you home to his castle—"once you understand the Britisher and join him on those terms, without resentment, it is surprising how the atmosphere will thaw. So that after four years in the country, if you have made *one* friend—one really close British friend—you are doing well. I feel I am fortunate: I have made three!" "But I'm only here for one year!" protests a Malayan.

The pity is, that most students from overseas, like those in our party, have not the sophistication to appreciate and accept differences. They have had no warning of what to expect in London, and so they cling together: cold, lonely, and hungry for the sun.

Dorothy Livesay.

Lullaby

Ghosts and bogles in the dark,
Floating through the midnight air,
Do not place unhallowed hands
On my children's tangled hair.

Angels only, with mute eyes,
Come to guard their cherished bed,
While the tall and solemn stars
Keep their watches overhead.

Elizabeth Brewster.

Canadian Calendar

- According to Graham Lount of Winnipeg, second vice-president of the National House Builders Association, houses are perhaps being *too* well built. "It is up to us to make the consumer so dissatisfied with his house that he is going to go out and buy a new one more quickly than he would have. I am not recommending that we should cut quality, but we should temper it with reality," Mr. Lount said.
- The Air Transport Board has granted permission to CPA to make one return flight a day between Vancouver and Montreal with stops at Toronto and Winnipeg.
- A new drug called Temposil, which has been developed and produced in Canada for the treatment of alcoholism, became available Jan. 14 on a prescription basis.
- Edmonton joined Calgary in asking for a judicial inquiry into its civic administration. Premier Manning, Alberta's attorney-general, has announced the appointment of Justice M. M. Porter of Calgary to conduct the investigation.
- On Jan. 15 the Alberta Board of Industrial Relations decertified the Teamsters Union as bargaining agent for six Edmonton firms, ruling that a union controlled from an international level does not qualify as a bargaining agent under the Alberta Labor Act.
- Department store sales in 1958 showed a gain of 4.7% over the previous record of 1957, thus continuing the run of a new sales record for each year since the beginning of the Second World War.
- Arnold D. P. Heeney, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, has again been named Canadian Ambassador to the United States.
- A group of Indians from the Caughnawaga Indian Reserve near Montreal, threatened with the proposals of the Croteau Commission on Metropolitan Government to amalgamate the territory of the reserve along with several south shore municipalities, has asked Immigration Minister Fairclough to see that the Indian Act is respected and treaties with the Indians protected.
- The Canadian Council on Hospital Accreditation has been formally inaugurated, with Dr. A. L. Chute, chief of pediatrics at the Hospital for Sick Children, as chairman. It has taken over from the joint US-Canadian Commission the responsibility for inspecting and accrediting all Canadian hospitals of more than 25 beds. Accredited institutions are re-examined every three years to see that the staff and facilities meet the standards established by the Council.
- The annual report of Commissioner L. H. Nicholson of the RCMP said that the number of RCMP cases had increased 73.7% in the last five years, while the regular staff increase had been only 15.3%.
- 96.2% of Canadian homes have electricity.
- On Jan. 16 Prime Minister Diefenbaker warned defense chiefs against public expressions of opinion on Government policy.
- Canada has agreed to provide India with \$17,000,000 worth of essential commodities and equipment to maintain her economic development program. One million dollars of this is for the Canada-India atomic reactor; ten-and-a-half million dollars will buy such materials as copper, aluminum and nickel; two-and-a-half million dollars are for fertilizers, and \$120,000 for the purchase of three cobalt beam therapy units. The allocation of the remaining money has not yet been decided. The entire amount will

come out of the \$35,000,000 Colombo plan appropriation for the fiscal year ending March 31.

- The new Italian Ambassador to Canada, replacing Sergio Fenoaltea, who went to Brussels, is Adolfo Alesandrini, former secretary-general of the ministry of foreign affairs in Rome.
- Dr. Fred Rainsberry, CBC director of children's education, learned during his recent tour of Japan that a group of Canadian television films sent to Japan were never shown because they were found too bloodthirsty for Japanese viewing. He was told that the Japanese prohibit shows which depict bloodshed, and prefer domestic comedy and history. "We have such shows," Dr. Rainsberry said, "but it never occurred to us that the Japanese would like them. We will send them in the future."
- On Jan. 19 Prime Minister Diefenbaker declared in the Commons that the Government is not bound to accept any or all the recommendations of any Royal commission.
- The proposal of a U.S. company to try to free with a nuclear blast the oil wealth locked in Alberta's Athabasca oil sands is to be considered by the cabinet. The Athabasca oil sands are believed to contain a supply of oil greater than the known reserves of the whole western world; until now all efforts to separate this oil have failed.
- Dr. W. G. Hodgson, head of the petroleum division of the Research Council of Alberta, stated on Jan. 28 that there would be absolutely no danger of contamination in an underground nuclear explosion in Alberta's oil sands.
- On Jan. 27, by a majority of four judges to three, the Supreme Court of Canada held that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, authorized by an act of parliament as an agent of Her Majesty to carry on a national broadcasting service, with no limit or restriction as to time of service, was immune from prosecution for broadcasting on Sunday. This decision reverses that of the Ontario Appeal Court which had ruled that the CBC was subject to the provisions of the Lord's Day Act.
- On Jan. 27, Premier Duplessis of Quebec was ordered by the Supreme Court of Canada to pay \$33,123 damages to Frank Roncarelli for having wrongfully cancelled Mr. Roncarelli's liquor license because he was providing bail for arrested Jehovah's Witnesses.
- On Jan. 30 the Canadian Government took action under the anti-dumping clause of the Customs Act against imports of cotton material from China.
- At the beginning of February, RCAF officers took over operational control of the four main DEW line stations in the Canadian Arctic. Formerly these were operated by US Air Force officers.
- The two plays to be produced at the Stratford Festival this summer are *Othello* and *As You Like It*. A new revue is to be produced, under Stratford's auspices, at the Avon theatre in Stratford, and also a production of Robert Kemp's play *The Heart is Highland*. A third Avon attraction will be the Film Festival.

St. George and Harbord

Walking with the wind among elements
of a contemporary scene—cars, buildings, workers,
her hair shrouds herself in an aura of loveliness.

Untouched by these whirlwind desires circling
about her, she eases through this traffic of desire.

In a fleeting reflection (immobile as sculptured
silk in Adolphe's window), I turning
thought not so in the windy rush of time.

John Robert Colombo.

Convertibility and After

Harry G. Johnson

► THE DECISION to make sterling convertible from December 29th last entailed a symbolic rather than a substantive change in the international position of the pound. Even on the symbolic level, the establishment of convertibility by itself was less significant than the fact that the decision was taken in co-operation with other European countries—and particularly in response to an initiative from the French, who had just thwarted Britain's scheme for a Free Trade Area. Nevertheless, convertibility is a milestone along the path down (or up) which the Conservative Government has been leading British economic policy during the past seven and a half years, and the declaration of it in a sense sets the stage for the approaching elections.

To appreciate what convertibility means, it is necessary to look a long way back. Once the Tories had weathered the balance-of-payments crisis which accompanied their return to power in 1951, they set themselves to dismantle the discriminatory trade and payments system built up by their Labour predecessors under the pressure of the post-war dollar shortage, and to replace it by a multilateral system. Discrimination was implemented in two main ways, through control over the use of sterling acquired or owned by non-dollar non-sterling area countries, and through controls over imports into Britain. Correspondingly, two approaches towards multilateralism were open—relaxation of controls over the use of sterling by non-dollar non-sterling area holders, ending in full convertibility of sterling into dollars for such holders, and relaxation of controls on imports from non-sterling sources, ending in full freedom for British importers to buy in the cheapest foreign market. Both would intensify the competitive pressure on British producers and increase the country's vulnerability to balance-of-payments crises, but the benefits of the two approaches would be quite differently distributed. Broadly speaking, the benefit of the currency approach would accrue to the foreign holders of sterling and the financial institutions of the City of London, while the benefits of the trade approach would accrue to the British consumer and manufacturer.

In fact the Conservatives have followed both approaches simultaneously, though they have consistently given priority to the goal of convertibility. The first major steps were the re-opening of the London commodity markets and the creation of a system by which sterling could be "transferred" between non-sterling non-dollar owners, both of which occurred early in 1954. Together, these two steps fairly soon led to trouble: while transferable sterling was not officially convertible into dollars, unofficial markets abroad soon developed where transferable sterling could be exchanged for dollars at a discount; the discount depended on confidence in sterling; and a big enough discount allowed foreign traders to make a profit at Britain's expense by "commodity shunting"—i.e., buying transferable sterling cheap, using it to buy British goods saleable for dollars, and sending these goods by devious routes to North America, thereby depriving Britain of dollar earnings.

It was to stop commodity shunting and the consequent loss of dollar earnings that the British authorities decided in February 1955 to intervene in the foreign markets for transferable sterling and support the transferable sterling rate. Ever since that date the pound has been effectively convertible. In principle, the authorities could have kept

the normal transferable sterling rate close enough to the official rate to prevent commodity shunting, while allowing it to drop sharply in crises so as to make speculation against the pound expensive for the speculators. In practice it was kept within one per cent or so of the official rate, even at the height of the 1957 crisis; and the result was, as the Chancellor put it to the House, that in the past four years Britain has been carrying the burden of convertibility without the advantages.

Given the policy of a stable transferable sterling rate, the advantages of inconvertibility were the nebulous and evaporating ones of encouraging some holders of sterling to hold on, retaining some advantages in non-dollar trade, and preserving some freedom of action in crises; the disadvantage was the obvious loss of the banking and other financial business that convertibility would bring. The logical next step was *de jure* recognition of the *de facto* situation by unification of the official and transferable rates, as soon as the balance of payments and the reserves were strong enough to warrant the risk. In the past year, internal disinflation on the one hand and the unexpectedly favorable balance-of-payments effects of the world recession on the other have provided the strength; while the resistance (largely French inspired) of the Common Market countries to the Free Trade Area scheme made the termination of intra-European monetary co-operation through the European Payments Union, which convertibility would necessarily entail, inevitable anyway. The specific timing was determined by France's need to set her house in order before the commencement of the Common Market on January 1st: the devaluation of the franc and the necessary internal supporting measures would be politically more palatable if they came as part of a general European monetary reform, for which the lead would have to come from Britain. The lead was asked for, and given; and so, from December 29th, transferable sterling accounts were merged with dollar accounts in a single category of external accounts, convertible into dollars without restriction at the same official rate of exchange. (This does not, however, mean that sterling is convertible in the full sense of that word as defined in the Articles of the International Monetary Fund: while currently accruing and liquid sterling held by non-residents is convertible, invested capital—so-called "security" sterling—is officially still inconvertible; residents are still subject to exchange control; and imports from the dollar area are still discriminated against.)

In announcing and defending the change, the Government has displayed to the full the characteristic British flair for passing off what you intended to do anyway as a noble act of philanthropy; the Opposition on the other hand has tried without success to suggest that devaluation was forced on the French by a spiteful Britain. In truth, there seems to have been genuine and (especially in view of the breakdown of the Free Trade Area negotiations) generous co-operation between Britain, France and Germany; indeed, the strength of the habit of economic co-operation founded by the Marshall Plan, symbolized by the way in which convertibility was introduced, is one of the most important, and most easily overlooked, characteristics of intra-European economic relations to-day.

So far as Britain's own position is concerned, convertibility is chiefly an official confirmation of the preceding practical policy on sterling, though it does carry a firmer commitment which in turn involves economic advantages and disadvantages of a marginal kind. The advantages have already been tasted—there has been a movement of foreign exchange business and of capital to London which has raised the exchange rate and strengthened the

reserves, and in the longer run will increase the country's invisible earnings. Paradoxically, this success may be the most immediate source of danger, since Britain's monetary authorities have a chronic tendency to overspend increases in reserves. The disadvantages are some increase in the vulnerability of the balance of payments to internal inflation and to foreign speculation, and the removal of some incentive to both European and sterling area countries to favor Britain in their trade policies.

Politically, of course, convertibility is a symbol of the success of Conservative economic policy. (By one of those odd coincidences of the British Honors system, the economist who has most strongly advocated convertibility with dollar discrimination was knighted in the New Year's List; more recently, another economist who has consistently advocated the policy of stopping inflation which made convertibility possible has since been made a life peer.) Also, the fact that convertibility could be presented as a goodwill gesture to France is some compensation for the failure of the Free Trade Area negotiations on which the Conservatives were staking so much.

The Labor Party has loyally pledged itself to maintain convertibility, but has taken the opportunity to restate its opposition to the whole trend of Conservative economic policy. Labor's main criticism of that policy is that every step towards full convertibility makes it that much more necessary for Britain to hold down her employment percentage and rate of economic growth (as she has done in the past three years) in order to retain the confidence of the currency speculator — who, as the Bank Rate Tribunal evidence showed, is very likely to be an economic illiterate occupying a high place in the City of London. (Incidentally, the political dynamite of that Evidence has not yet all been detonated: an academic symposium on it just published in *The Manchester School* has excited widespread interest.)

The Labor critics have a valid and important point. But there is no reason for thinking that a Labor Government could pursue an alternative policy of high-pressure growth without inflation, or prevent balance-of-payments crises by taking stern action against speculators, as Mr. Gaitskell has already — with his eye on the likely reaction to a Labor victory in the next election — threatened to do. Further, in presenting its argument Labor is still inclined to conjure up the bogies of the 1930's, disregarding the fact that personal experience of mass unemployment is confined to a dwindling group of electors over middle age, and that since the war international economic co-operation has become a rooted habit. Unless unemployment becomes very much more serious, Labor is likely to find itself — as it has many times in the past eight years — in the position of a boy crying "wolf" to people who have never seen one, and anyway have insured their sheep.

The form which the debate has taken does emphasize one important fact: both parties have accepted the principle of a rigid rate of exchange, so that the country is now firmly committed to the New Gold Standard whose rules were laid down at Bretton Woods in 1944. That a rigid rate should be accepted without dissent is on the face of it surprising, since the Conservatives apparently once believed that flexibility in the rate was necessary to reduce the risks of convertibility, while the grounds on which Labor theorists opposed making transferable sterling convertible were that in crises the transferable rate could be dropped to discourage speculation. The explanation is simply that while others were arguing principles, the Bank of England technicians operating in the transferable sterling markets had already settled the matter in 1955, and settled it in the interests of the City of London. The incident exemplifies the

general principle that in Britain nationalization is like fish conservation — the tangible benefits all go to the fish.

Convertibility of transferable sterling is a milestone on the British road to multilateralism, but it is by no means the end of the road. What will come next? The logical next step is to remove restrictions on British imports from the dollar area, thus extending the benefit of convertibility to British residents; also, since convertibility was announced, the Chancellor has re-affirmed the programme of dollar liberalization announced in Montreal last autumn. But an immediate step in this direction is doubtful; public opinion has been aroused by the American Government's rejection of the English Electric tender for generators for Greer's Ferry dam and the President of the Board of Trade in a recent speech has emphasized Britain's dissatisfaction with Canada's persistent surplus of exports to Britain, so that it seems likely that further dollar liberalization will be conditional on the receipt of equivalent concessions in dollar markets. In the meanwhile, the City has already started agitating for convertibility for security sterling.

A Cause of Innocent Merriment

Kildare Dobbs

► FROM OUR BRITISH association we inherit that safeguard of our liberties, the tradition of the common law. But the same law which conserves our rights as free persons conserves with a like tenacity the gallows, the jail, the madhouse. Every advance in the British penology from which our own derives has been bitterly opposed by the judges, those incorruptible, learned, ferocious old men to whom we all owe so much.

Even here in Canada, where we have cut ourselves off from their long experience by abolishing the appeal to the Privy Council, we are in their debt. We have learnt from them how to conduct a fair trial. We have also caught from them a cruel and archaic view of crime and retribution.

I have been looking at the Proceedings of the Canadian Congress of Corrections* (May 26-29, 1957) and am struck by the violent discrepancy between what the penologists have discovered about the effects of imprisonment and what the guardians of the law have to say about it. Antoine Rivard, Q.C., Quebec's Solicitor General, who opened the Congress, said this: "One must be careful not to fall prey to sentimentality . . . Prisons are not and should not be boarding homes, pleasant havens, organized for the purpose of permitting their occupants to meditate. They must not be homes where one is, obviously, required to stay, but in which everything tends to make life happy, diversified and pleasant. They are places where one is imprisoned to bear punishment which is not meant to kill the prisoner socially or morally, but which must remain something unpleasant and painful." He warned the assembled penologists that it was none of their business to attempt to change the structure or administration of the law.

Now this view of the function of prisons is, I suppose, a common sense one, at any rate on the surface. Wrongdoers must be punished so that they will be afraid to do wrong again, and so that other people will be frightened by their example. For the moment I don't want to argue with this

*PROCEEDINGS OF THE CANADIAN CONGRESS OF CORRECTIONS 1957: Canadian Corrections Association; W. T. McGraw, 55 Parkdale Ave., Ottawa 3, Ont. \$2.00.

view. It may even be based on something which we should cherish, a fumbling awareness that as human persons we are free—free to choose right or wrong, and so, answerable for our own acts.

At first sight the views of the penologists—psychiatrists, case-workers and the like—seem very unattractive. It is not just that they express themselves in barbarous and often meaningless language. They affront our intuition of freedom by suggesting that we are moved only by “drives” and “conflicts.” They substitute mental hygiene for moral concern. If they do not condemn wrongdoers it is because they do not care about virtue. This is admittedly our first impression of them. But I think it is an erroneous one. Most people are addicted to nonsense of one kind or another and the unfortunate manner in which psychologists of all sorts express themselves is just their brand of nonsense. Beneath it all, I think, we may discern real sympathy and understanding, and motives which are humane and serious.

Rather than try to settle a nineteenth century debate about freedom and determinism we should listen carefully to what the penologists tell us. The paper by Dr. Maurice O'Connor, psychiatrist, Kingston Penitentiary, is fascinating, not because of its author's rather tiresome literary ambitions—he will quote Shakespeare, the Bible, etc., at the drop of a comma—but because of its sensitive insight into the mind of the prisoner, its implicit reminder that he is a man like ourselves.

“... prisons as institutions,” he says, “create their own society . . . So, the imprisoned person has to adapt to that society and its laws . . .” He shows us vividly how this takes place, from the arrival of the first offender whom the officer at the gate greets with the indifferent cry, “Fish up!” (The newcomers are called “fish,” as if to emphasize their sub-human status.) For a time they protect themselves from pain by “going into a fog,” by suppressing awareness. Gradually they reach out to the society round them. Dr. O'Connor calls it empathy, but one might just as well call it love.

The society in which they find themselves consists of two opposed groups of men—Staff and inmates. Staff are the enemy, representative of the world outside, the world of the squares. The society of the inmates has its own conventions and laws, its ranks and manners—all based on the principle “Take care of yourself.” “It is a society where the evil of the prisoner's crime as determined by law gives him rank, and his sentence gives a degree of dignity, his reaction to authority gives him nobility and his reaction to the inmates gives him leadership.” Above all, the prisoner learns to hate. He becomes a “Con.”

Dr. O'Connor points to the Con's rigid insistence on obedience to the laws, written and unwritten, of the prison. No one resists prison reform more strenuously than the die-hard Con. He is the negative image of the hanging judge.

Probably the worst pain of imprisonment is the pain of time. A prisoner must learn to annihilate time. He does it by escaping into fantastic dreams of the world outside. In this imagined world “hate satisfies, aggression upholds, and selfishness protects.” Thus he “shakes his time,” and the price of his survival is the loss of the real world, which for him now forever will be the hateful world of the squares.

From Dr. O'Connor's description it appears that the Con is far from absolutely anti-social. He has been subjected to a forced indoctrination, a brainwashing process which has made him a devoted member of a sub-society at war with the larger society. Dr. O'Connor doesn't have to cite the well known fact that most crime is committed by this sub-society and that the vast bulk of the prison population of any country is made up of recidivists, men who have learnt to be criminals in the prison itself. Far from reforming

offenders, or frightening them away from crime, the prisons are in fact its colleges and academies.

We have known this for a long, long time. It was this consideration which moved Bentham to invent his panopticon—a system of solitary confinement meant to avoid the evils of exposure to criminal companions. Bentham was only one of a series of reformers who did not have the imagination to see that solitary confinement is not the answer. In fact, it drives prisoners out of their minds.

These facts are so notorious that I feel I should apologize for bringing them up here. How is it then that people like Mr. Rivard manage to get away with their insistence on the need to make prisons unpleasant and painful? I suppose the answer is that if all men were rational there would be no crime—and no cabinet ministers.

Surely no one can learn to “adjust to society” in anything much less than the whole of society. The penologists' problem is to devise institutions which are not closed off from the rest of society, but continuous with it. Or rather, that is what ought to be their problem. In fact, as the proceedings of the Montreal Congress show, they are much concerned with attempts to rationalize existing institutions and practices. They are obliged by public indifference and parsimony to make do with useless and worse than useless buildings and staff. They are obliged to compromise in matters where compromise is impossible, as if one should say to a convicted person, “Look, the law says I am to choke you to death, but I realize it won't do any good; I'm a humane man so I'm going to compromise and half choke you to death.”

We must understand and sympathize with the difficulties of penologists. Yet they are in danger of losing our respect when they try to turn their science to the service of compromise. There's much wearisome thrashing about, in the papers before me, on the subject of psychological effects of the deprivation of liberty. “Deprivation techniques” are held to “strengthen the reality ego,” which I take it is just a fancy way of arguing that solitary confinement will scare a man into sense. The old lies are still the old lies even if wrapped in jargon of this sort. On this question Professor Westley of McGill contributes some intelligent comment. He objects to the notion that deprivation of liberty can help anyone to control his impulses. As he sees it the problem is not to control impulses, but to find for them a socially acceptable expression. To consider just one impulse—aggressiveness, many of the papers seem to urge that it is in itself anti-social. Professor Westley very sensibly exposes this for the nonsense it is.

The nonsense is fairly pervasive. According to this report, the best penologists can do in Canada is to set up institutions like Boscoville. It sounds an enlightened place, but when we learn that it has sometimes punished its inmates with as much as thirty days solitary confinement, we are bound to have misgivings. That, surely, is pouring new wine into old skins with a vengeance. Anyone who has suffered even faintly the pain of time—waiting for a train which is late, let us say, or for a baby to be born—knows how cruel it is.

It was an American delegate to the Congress who quoted from a speech which Winston Churchill made in 1910: “The mood and temper of the public with regard to the treatment of crime and criminals is one of the most unfailing tests of the civilization of any country.” If we have any claims to civilization we must get rid of the prisons, just as we got rid of bedlam with its chains and filthy straw, just as our ancestors got rid of the rack and the thumbscrew and the *peine forte et dure*.

To begin with, the probation system urgently needs to be extended. Much progress has been made in the past ten

years, but it is still in a primitive state. Again, the parole system has been expanded in recent years, but there is no cause for complacency. Much can be done with group therapy and allied techniques even within the walls of the prisons, but until those dismal keeps and dungeons themselves are torn down penology will continue to think in mediaeval terms.

Why is it that progress in penal reform is so desperately slow? The first and most significant reason is public apathy. It is not just the mass of the public who are apathetic but the leaders and intellectuals as well. As I have suggested, penologists themselves must take some of the blame for their bad public relations. It is too easy to look on them as flat-footed do-gooders, as if they were a branch of the Salvation Army, or some other well-meaning but brainless organization. Most educated people would much rather listen to the judges and lawyers who speak plainly and forcibly and often possess charm as well. It is easy to forget that judges and lawyers as a rule know very little about penology. Judges in particular are bad witnesses in this matter. They have a personal, emotional stake in the *status quo*. If you have been sending people to prison for half your life, naturally you want to believe it is the right thing to do.

Again, there is a feeling abroad that society need not much concern itself about people who make war upon it. The state owes its first duty to the law-abiding, to the people who keep the rules. On the contrary, the state is concerned with every member of its society, even its critics, even its failures, even its lunatics and criminals and artists. We can hold no respectable view of the state that is not based on the position that every human person is absolutely valuable. This is no sentimental doctrine but a vital necessity—"We must love one another or die," as W. H. Auden puts it.

The report before me, hideously printed and bound, badly written in Canada's two languages, sloppily edited and often incoherent, serves as a reminder of those fellow men whom we are so anxious to forget. It gives us a look into that locked room where we have hidden away the nasty corpses of those whom society has murdered.

A Still Later Decalogue

One God only let us have, for who
Would want the bother of ignoring *two*?
Cold graven images are out of date
When movie stars can make us masturbate;
Since swearing failed to make a lie succeed,
We now say everything is *guaranteed*;
Five days only will we work: too short
Already is the time for lawns and sport;
Our parents we shall use until they creep,
Then give them to the government to keep;
From killing singly let us all refrain:
It's much too slight compared to atomic rain;
Adultery's *passé*: when passions chafe,
We go to Reno, where it's quick and safe;
At unrewarding theft our voters gibe
And take instead the government's allowance bribe;
To bear false witness now is rash and crude,
But innuendo's work is sage and shrewd;
We covet nothing: when our wants are at their prime,
We satisfy them all, and buy on time.

W. K. Thomas.

Polish Art Treasures

Tadeusz Brzezinski

► IN RECENT YEARS the Canadian public was informed from time to time about the fate of the so-called Polish art treasures: they were saved from destruction during the war; they landed in Canada after a journey of adventures, they were hidden by someone somewhere in the country. From this point on the plot thickened; a mysterious personage attempted to seize them. Another personage, equally mysterious, ran away with them, covering up his tracks. Some of the treasures wound up in the vaults of the Bank of Montreal in Ottawa, while the remainder rest in the Provincial Museum in Quebec City, where Premier Duplessis has placed them under the shelter of his wings.

In the beginning of 1959, there were reassuring press reports that the fate of the art treasures had undergone a great transformation, effected somehow by the intervention of the ghost of Frederic Chopin. A part of the treasures, that formerly in Ottawa, was happily returned to Poland. Newspaper readers were invited to heave a sigh of relief at the shedding of a burden about whose existence they knew little or nothing.

What treasures are these and how did they come to lead an existence so full of adventures?

Some Canadians of Polish extraction are in the habit of referring to them as the Wawel treasures. The walls of Wawel, an ancient castle of Polish kings, located in Cracow, were in fact adorned by the splendid silk and gold-thread tapestries depicting biblical and hunting scenes, which now repose in the basement of the museum in Quebec. However, they constitute only a part of the treasures.

Some of the other objects which found their way to Canada are, for Poles, of greater cultural and emotional significance, though their market value may be difficult to determine. Among them is *Szczerbiec*, the sword used in the coronation of Polish kings from at least the fourteenth century onward, other royal insignia, medieval manuscripts, first editions of prayerbooks and bibles, ancient chronicles, armours and standards. In addition, the treasures include the Chopin papers: the correspondence and the musical manuscripts of Poland's greatest composer. Among Chopin's papers is the manuscript of the great sonata in B flat minor whose third movement (the funeral march) is one of the world's most famous compositions. (About the Chopin papers the writer feels particularly strongly because a few years before the Second World War, together with Professor Leopold Binental of Warsaw—later murdered by the Germans in a concentration camp—he extracted the entire collection from the publishing firm of Breitkopf and Haertel of Leipzig).

How did this disparate lot come to arrive in Canada?

The odyssey began in September 1939. The treasures were subtracted at the last moment from the German armies advancing across Poland. They travelled from Rumania to France and thence to the United Kingdom, escaping German seizure a second time. From London they were sent to Canada and spent the years 1940-1945 far from air raids, in the safety of an experimental farm near Ottawa. During this period they were under the care of representatives of the Polish government-in-exile, and of two custodians who accompanied them from the start of their journey.

The federal government willingly offered asylum to the treasures but did not make any undertakings beyond allowing them to enter the country. In 1945 the communist

régime imposed on Poland by foreign powers presented itself as a claimant to the treasures. They then disappeared from the experimental farm. One part, packed into a few trunks, and containing the coronation sword, the chronicles, the psalters and the Chopin papers was deposited by the two custodians in the Bank of Montreal in Ottawa. The other required more storage space since it was composed of the tapestries, armours, standards, and royal robes. It found refuge in Quebec, first in a Catholic Convent and then in the Provincial Museum. The items in Quebec were visited periodically by representatives of the Polish government-in-exile. Those in Ottawa received no such visits during a period of twelve years because one of the two custodians and depositors returned to Poland and died there. The regulations of the Bank did not entitle the other custodian to enter the vaults without his colleague. The communist régime in Poland demanded in repeated notes to the federal government the return of the treasures, but was slow in complying with the condition set by the Bank, which was that the Polish government name a successor of the deceased custodian.

The cold war made progress difficult. The Polish government-in-exile favoured the *status quo*, the Warsaw régime was using the fate of the art treasures for its own propaganda purposes, and the federal government suggested a resort to the courts. The passage of time was beginning to threaten the condition of some of the items, in particular of the ancient prints and manuscripts in the Ottawa vault.

The impasse was broken by pressure from unofficial bodies. On the one hand, Canadians of Polish extraction and a number of other Polish groupings outside their homeland began to express anxiety about the fate of the treasures, demanding that they be properly safeguarded from deterioration or returned to their rightful owner, the Polish nation. On the other, public opinion in Poland, silent during the period of Stalinist repression, became freer after the events of October 1956 and voiced its concern about the treasures. There was even an undertone of reproach toward Canada based on misinformation to the effect that the treasures were being withheld here deliberately. In academic, cultural and artistic circles the view was being put forward vigorously that the treasures ought to be returned because of the importance as a symbol of national and cultural unity, and because of the educational usefulness of this symbol. This was the opinion frequently expressed by Poles visiting their families in Canada and by travellers from Canada who visited Poland since 1956.

In the summer of 1958, the pianist Witold Malcuzyński toured with great success his native land and returned from Poland charged with warnings, prayers and requests expressed especially by Polish musicologists fearful about the condition of the Chopin papers.

This event tipped the scales. In October 1958, the general meeting of the Canadian Polish Congress assembled in Toronto. The Congress represents the entire Canadian community of Polish extraction. In a special resolution the general meeting drew attention to the deterioration which threatened the treasures in the vault in Ottawa and called for immediate remedial action. After the meeting adjourned, the resolution was placed in the hands of Mr. Malcuzyński who took steps to alert the appropriate individuals in Poland. Under pressure from several quarters the Warsaw régime ceased to delay the departure of a delegation of experts for Ottawa, and produced the power of attorney required to gain access to the deposit in the Bank of Montreal. The political organizations of free Poles in exile did not refuse their consent, the federal government pro-

vided kindly and impartial assistance, and the matter was harmoniously concluded by Mr. Malcuzyński, inspired by his reverence for the memory of Chopin.

The rest of the story is well known. Those treasures formerly in Ottawa returned to their homeland where they were greeted with emotion by the Polish nation.

It is important to stress the fact, evident from the account given above, that a solution was obtained without any understandings, concessions or compromises between governments or other official bodies. No such understanding or compromise was feasible. An understanding was arrived at between the Polish nation in the homeland and in exile. It was achieved over the heads of officials, and for the sake of preservation of the national culture for future generations. The chink which this understanding practised in the iron curtain may be an omen for the future.

The thousandth anniversary of the founding of the Polish State is approaching. The Polish nation will celebrate it in all solemnity from 1960 to 1966. (In the years 960 to 966 the inhabitants of the lands that for centuries thereafter were known as Poland accepted the Christian faith and thus became part of the Western European civilization). It is to be hoped that on this occasion, and again by means of an understanding between parts of the nation, a solution of the problem of the treasures now shielded by Poland's friends in Quebec will also be found.

The Prevention of Stacy Miller

For a minute, daughter, for an afternoon
you existed. And with you capered a host
of merry phantoms, with picayune
troubles among the leaves, engrossed

in innocence; orient, airy,
things to be cared for. You had a brother
his name was Ian. Ordinary
pleasures surrounded you: a mother

who loved you as she loved me not,
even in the myth (though there she tried
to be patient, to be kind); a forget-me-not
of a father (that was I, squint-eyed,

stiff-jointed from standing your sentry
against harm). Your window framed
woods, your woods, and the entry
to them was through trilliums. Tamed

at last for the slender family
was the tiger Life, lying with its paws
crossed on the hearth, like our pedigree
poodle . . . But all, figures of gauze . . .

Stacy, you danced on the distant side
of a curtain of dream. Your little person
was immaterial: an infanticide
your mother, having of you and her son

brief conception; husband-killer
too, and uprooter of fair trees.
But, prevented sprite, O Stacy Miller,
you swing forever on your high trapeze.

Peter Miller.

Commons Comment

D. M. Fisher, M.P.

► THE EMERGENCY DEBATE on the Arrow cancellation had several strange aspects, including the direct attack on Avro executives by the Prime Minister. The pouting lip, the bobbing wattles, and the accusing finger of the election campaigns were back with us. Injured vanity and a righteous wrath combined in what some of us felt was an unseemly display by the nation's first minister. Though not as shocking, it had analogies with Joey Smallwood's attack on the IWA. Almost unnoticed was the point that this rebuttal looped most of the opposition criticism for a target beyond the House confines. The whole debate, saving Mr. Pearkes' contribution, was fought with press clippings and editorial comment, although the PM reassured some of us that he does read more than the newspapers when he confided that "... only last evening I was reading Kissinger on 'Nuclear weapons and foreign policy'."

One conclusion a listener could come to is that present-day military problems confuse Canadian politicians. No one really wanted to challenge the military wisdom of the decision to cancel or to get into Bomarcas. The central concern was with the unemployment created, the disintegration of a technically able work force, the difficulty of getting American contracts, and the diminution of Canadian sovereignty. Not that these are small matters; but they are contingent ones.

One cause of the confusion is that so few Canadians follow closely the Washington focal point of military discussions. Whatever the rumpus raised, wherever the tangents touch, when senators, congressmen, generals, admirals, committees, lobbies, etc., batter away at defence policy and strategy, some dialectic emerges or keeps emerging. Since events and information from Washington do provide the basis for most Canadian military decisions, it is a pity we know so little about them. It is sadder that since the Canadian press is the information prop for members of Parliament up to the Prime Minister, so few newspapermen report or interpret the defence debate in the U.S.A. or, for that matter, in Great Britain.

An example of the diffidence and ignorance of the Canadian M.P. can be gleaned from a reading of last session's Standing Committee on Estimates which sat more than 20 times and produced a printed record of 600 pages in a close scrutiny of the Department of National Defence and Defence Production. The final report observed and recommended on policy related to the CF-105 program that "The committee recognizes its responsibility to examine and report on policy only where it is related to or influenced by an expenditure in the Department's Estimates. The line of demarcation which separates matters purely of policy as compared with those Votes where an economy may be effected, is sometimes difficult to define. The complications of this problem are all the more involved where the Vote in question provides the Government with a springboard on which to embark on future expenditures as a result of the commitment already contained in these Estimates."

Then the report pointed out that the CF-105 expenditure had been examined searchingly by the committee, several witnesses had appeared, and two plants been visited. The report went on: "While the committee concurs in the necessity of this expenditure, having regard to the terms of reference, it does not feel authorized to comment at this time on future action with respect to further development of this portion of the defence program. Having made this point, however, and in view of the heavy financial burden, the Committee

does express its concern in the Government entering into any subsequent weapon program of this magnitude without first negotiating for some cost-sharing agreement with either NATO member countries or the USA under the NORAD agreement."

The press greeted the Estimates Committee's report as the most exciting from a Commons committee in years, and played up this forthrightness on the Arrow. Only comparative with a horrible past record of committee reports could these observations on the Arrow seem forthright. First, the committee decided not to call the chief snipers at the Arrow program, Simonds and Macklin. Secondly, it did not question Mr. Pearkes or anyone else closely about the Arrow. Mr. Pearson placed most of the questions on the matter and the tenor of these was muted, presumably for security reasons, perhaps because of innate modesty.

What did Mr. Pearkes tell the committee last June about the Arrow, a few months before the Prime Minister said that he clearly indicated to Avro that the plane's future was bleak?

"The best advice that I have received both from our own chiefs of staff and from the senior British and NATO authorities and from the United States officers is that we may expect for many years yet an attack by manned bombers and by air breathing missiles or unmanned bombers."

One month later Mr. Pearson asked him, "Is it the minister's view, in the light of what we have heard from him, that the missile interceptor is not likely to take the place of the manned fighter for some time?" Mr. Pearkes: "That is my firm conviction." Mr. Pearson: "And that the manned bomber is not likely to be replaced by the intercontinental missile for some time?" Mr. Pearkes: "It will gradually be supplemented. There will be missiles brought in, but I think it will be many years, if ever, before the manned bomber is entirely replaced by the missile."

Apparently, "the best advice" changed radically in two months. Or did it? One must remember that several months after the PM's September announcement, which he now says clearly indicated that the reason for postponing a definite end to the Arrow was the uncertain and tense international outlook, Air Marshal Slemon, only the deputy-commander of NORAD, spoke out in terms almost identical to Mr. Pearkes' before the Estimates Committee.

Well, the tumult will soon fade, perhaps its main political consequence only a small disillusionment with Mr. Diefenbaker's government—and that in Central Ontario. What this writer thinks is more basic to the whole controversy, in a problem sense, is what can be done about the woeful ignorance of M.P.s in this kind of field? How can they or should they get closer to the information that determines policy?

It would be nice if the Commons was a place where minds and ideas were sharpened in parry and riposte of debate. Perhaps being "nice," we should assume that this does happen or it can happen. Perhaps it did during the pipeline debate in 1956. Now the huge majority, the preponderance of new members, their predilection for constituency problems arising from two back-to-back and stunning elections, the mediocrity (assumed and actual) of the cabinet, the general dearth of party ideas or party programs in detail, the straddling effect of a prime minister who campaigns in every speech and appearance—all these may be factors causing one's despondency about this parliament or even about parliament as an institution.

In 1956 the Commons reformed its procedure, clipping the time of several traditional debates and of individual speeches, reducing the number of supply motions, and formalizing a constriction of matters introduced by private members. These changes, plus the government's greater use

of committees, should be making the House of Commons a better, not a feebler institution. Instead of a comment, might I make this piece a general query. Does this parliament have to be as bad or as dull or as hazy as I think it has been on three major debates this session: the debate on the Address, the debate on the need for a federal-provincial conference, and the debate on the Arrow?

The Irish Parade

Ernest Harrison

► IT IS VERY DIFFICULT being English.

"Why are people so unfair?" I asked my wife. "Every time a British Prime Minister has a realistic stab at solving some tricky foreign problem, the neighbors want to know if we're ashamed of being English. The Irish sit on their bottoms except when they're parading down Fifth Avenue—and everyone loves them."

My wife had no sympathy. "That's just not true, Roger. Some of the neighbors have been a bit rude, I know, but Mrs. O'Malley thinks you're just fine."

"I'm not thinking of myself," I snapped. "I'm trying to be logical. When the English come to America, they become Americans. You never hear of an English-American or a Saint George's Day Parade. That's because we identify ourselves with the country we live in. These Irish stay Irish for five or six generations, nursing their grievances and faking their accents. Nobody seems to mind."

"Now George. Mrs. O'Malley says—"

I stood up. "Damn and blast Mrs. O'Malley. The woman's just a hypocrite. Look at the way she goes on about the union of Ireland. Nobody ever thinks of the Ulstermen. To hear the neighbors talk, you'd think it was the English who kept Ireland in two."

"Well, isn't it?"

"For Pete's sake, Maria, don't joke about these things. Go and tell the Canadians that the North American continent can be one if only they'll throw off the shackles of the British raj. It's the same thing. England can no more control—"

"It's no use," interrupted my wife. "The trouble's inside you, Roger. These Americans are no different from us. They're all mixed up, too. And don't forget that you've been a bit rude yourself about the Senate and that funny little sub-committee of theirs. Come and get your lunch: you'll feel ever so much better."

I felt that Maria was quite wrong when she said that the trouble was inside me. I was perfectly objective about the whole business.

She was not with me, of course, when I arrived at Sinker Lake, Vermont. I really wanted to like the States, and I succeeded. It seemed to me that I had left the old things behind, and was here where freedom and initiative counted.

When I got off at the little wooden station, I felt nothing but an opening pride. Everyone says I sneered at the American country folk. That's not true, not true at all. Of course I was a bit disappointed at the old jalopies and the spitting, the primitive telephones and the dirt roads. I fancy I must have mentioned the paved roads of England once or twice—but the Irish talk of Killarney and nobody gets offended. And it's wrong to say I sneered. As the old railway engine belched its powerful black smoke into the thin air, I felt nothing but the grandeur of a continent. That smoke was a hundred years of pioneering, and the cloud of God's freedom.

Maria joined me three months later. She always says everyone was very kind. So they were—but they were always on the defensive.

I attended a meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association after a few weeks out. I thought I might be of some use.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," I said. "I hope you won't think I'm interfering, but it seems to me that you're tackling this problem the wrong way around. In England we used to stream the children into their different types at the age of eleven or so. We had grammar schools for the bright ones, secondary modern schools for the average ones, and technical schools for the practical ones. You have to face the natural fact that children don't all have the same potential ability."

The meeting froze into an uneasy silence. The chairman, Mr. Tungate, who is not only our mayor but delivers ice during the summer months, rubbed his head with the back of his hand.

"Well folks, I guess we all know we don't have much European culture in these here parts. Likely we're a pretty ignorant bunch when you come right down to it. But, as I see it, we gotta build this here schoolhouse mighty soon, or the voters will want to know why."

Yet I never said that their education was bad. I liked it—I liked it better than home. I liked their school house, their village green, their union church, their lawns running down to the road. I liked the white wood of the houses, the fresh paint, and their half-educated parson. I liked it all. That's why I was there.

Yet they always thought I was sneering. But when Pat Flynn told them about the glorious lake of Killarney, which he had never seen and which is no better than Lake Willoughby anyway, they cried and asked him to sing a good old Irish song.

The following February I met Lucy Greer outside the IGA Store. It was one of those days when the sun shines from the blue over Mount Burke, and sets the whole countryside skipping with a light, confident joy.

"Lovely day, Lucy," I said.

"Sure is, Mr. Tennat, though I guess it ain't up to your English spring at that."

For some reason or other, Maria never saw my point of view, and neither did Doc Winters. When I reported Lucy's gibe, Maria clattered a cup of coffee on my saucer. "Don't be foolish, Roger. She didn't mean it that way at all. Lucy's a nice girl."

"Maria's right," said Doc Winters with a jab of his ancient pipe. "You've got these people all wrong. They're Yankees you're living amongst, and you may as well get used to them."

He paused a moment, then leisurely lit his pipe.

"Look Roger—it's less than spitting distance from the days when Britain was a mortal enemy. Roam around the New England towns and examine the memorials of the celebrated victories, the glorious heroes, the villainous enemy. When you read them, don't you wonder that they ever shake hands with you at all?"

I slammed my coffee cup down on the table. "To hell with it, Doc. If that's the size of things, we might as well pack our bags, and get back to England here and now."

"Poppycock, Roger. You still won't see the obvious. Deep down in all of us who live here, the English are still the enemy. *But it's an enemy within the family.* Scratch a Yankee and you'll find an Englishman—that's still as true as it ever was."

"Ever been up over the border into Canada? Browse around Hatley and the farms up beyond Compton and

Cookshire. You'll find a few English there, sure, and a growing bunch of French. But the flavor's Yankee, brother. Hard-bitten, hard-cussing Yankees who moved up over the border because they preferred freedom under the Crown to freedom on their own.

"The farmhouses are not always painted, but the kitchen wall will have a picture of the Queen and the Prince jostling the framed chocolate box print from the hipless twenties. To them, pinning their Union Jack on the wall, the Old Country means only one thing—England. Yet their attitude to the English is the same as ours. A sort of grudging admiration and the memory of countless superior men and women who slumped it in the colonies. Fellow-members in the Empire, but the enemy just the same."

I pounded my knees gently with both fists. "For God's sake, Doc, lay off. Those days are gone, I tell you. They've gone in England — years ago. Anyhow, I wouldn't mind if you treated us all alike. It's the way you fawn on the Irish that hurts. What do they ever produce except corruption? Look at Tammany Hall, look at the Boston and the New York police. What chance has anyone against the Irish pull? They're cynical and they're sentimental. They sing songs about their mothers in Ireland one minute, and rig a local election the next."

"Mebbe so, mebbe not. Like most races who sing songs about their ancient persecutions, I admit that they indulge in a bit of it themselves. Like the Puritans. Like Lucy Greer's ancestor who burned a witch with his own hands. That's not the point. The Irish are truly a bit bossy, and their sentiment comes synthetic; but they laid the tie-rods which opened up this continent, they heaved the rock and dirt which set out the towns, they plowed the land which fed our growing nation. And they shared with our grandfathers one important fact."

"I know — you needn't say it. They had a common enemy — England. Well Doc, I'll tell you this. Come Saint Patrick's Day next year, you'll find me and Maria taking your advice and heading for Canada. Not to your precious Eastern Townships, where the Yankees worship the Union Jack, but to Québec City, a hundred miles from the Irish and the English language."

The promise was fulfilled. As we crossed the ferry from Lévis to Québec, the chinking of the ice alongside the boat sang a song of freedom. This year, Saint Patrick's Day would prove an unique one, free of tension.

The waterfront at Québec is not just the Chateau Frontenac. As the eye dips down the interlaced levels of tall, slim tenements, it seems as though both England and France have crossed the Atlantic in a preposterous union of St. Omer and Weymouth.

Yet the lowest level is pure French. Climbing a short way up La Rue de La Montagne, we entered an old, small, sprawling square. In the middle stood a diminutive statue of Louis XIV, whilst to the west side a handsome old church crowded the cobblestones with a dignified air of kindly dictatorship.

"What a lovely church!" cried Maria. "I wonder what it's called?"

"Notre Dame des Victoires," I read.

"What does that mean?"

"Our Lady of Victories."

"What Victories?"

I took Maria quickly by the arm and led her away from the square. "That, my dear, is the sort of question which I have no intention of answering. We have come to Québec to avoid tension; and I'm jolly well not going to throw the game away right off the bat. Let's go and have a drink."

The Taverne we entered was not quite an estaminet, not quite a pub, and not quite a bar. In dimmed blue lights, the malt beer was served ice-cold on little metal tables with marble tops. As a sort of demonstration of its international flavor, it had one element common to all three: there was a fight on.

As we entered, two men were rolling on the sawdusted floor, arms flailing. Around them stood a roaring crowd, shouting in a mixture of French and English. The smaller man suddenly rose to his feet, and aimed a direct kick at his opponent. There was the soft sound of leather against overfed flesh, and the larger man — stung into a fierce anger, took a slogging blow at his opponent's temple. Any noise the impact or the ensuing fall made was quickly drowned in a cry of "Police! Les Cops!"

In ten seconds all was peace. The two figures had made a quick exit through the back door, apparently allies once more. As a policeman entered the Taverne to claim the inevitable free glass of beer, a short stocky Frenchman slipped alongside us at a table, accompanied by a lanky, redheaded man of around forty.

"Like to join us in a drink, Emil?" I asked.

"My name is MacTavish," said the red-headed man. "And I am glad to share with you your kind hospitable."

"Scotch?"

"I think no, if you please. I would like a Pernod."

"I mean — are you Scotch?"

"No *sir*. I am good Frenchman. My family do not know the English — but me, I am educate for one month in the Etats-Unis and know English good. My friend here is Raymond Martineau, who know it not bad, and who also would like a Pernod."

"Quite a fight," I suggested.

Martineau spat on the ground. "True, monsieur. It is start by that O'Reilly. These Irish — no good."

MacTavish flung his hands in the air. "Ah! c'est vrai. They think they own the earth, even Québec."

My heart warmed to them.

"I take it," I said, "that the fight we just witnessed was between an Irishman and a Frenchman. I must admit that this interests me."

MacTavish leaned forward confidentially. "Ah, my friend, you are American and to you all Irish are good. But me, I would rather my daughter married a —" His arm sought the ultimate illustration of malediction.

"An Englishman?"

As I said the words, I suddenly felt working within me a small maggot of release. An Englishman on holiday in Québec, entertaining a Frenchman with a Scottish name, hailed as an American ally against the common Irish enemy. For the first time, I began to see things as Doc Winters saw them.

I slipped my hand into Maria's and whispered. "You were right, my dear. The trouble was really inside me. I may be a bit drunk — but I think the cure is near."

I looked across at MacTavish and Martineau, and said; "Why not make a night of it?"

At midnight, four solemn friends sat together in a Limoilou bar. As the hour struck, MacTavish rose to his feet, and carefully addressed us. "Messieurs. Mesdames. *Mes amis*. It is now le dix-sept mars — Saint Patrick Day. As an honor to you, monsieur, you have my invite to join with us in the Saint Patrick Day Parade."

I swallowed quickly. "But, Mac, after what you've been saying about the Irish all evening, you're surely not going to join them on their Parade."

He waved an expansive arm. "Me — I invite you without any fear. Martineau and me are, both, good member of

La Société de St. Jean Baptiste. I tell you, my friend, that on Saint Patrick Day, all Frenchmen are Irish, and all parade. Ah, there is the sight! Les bons Richelieus, les Kiwanis, La Société de la Jeunesse, Les Oddfellow — all with the wave of the banner, the smile of the face, and the bang of the drum. There is the sight you do not have on your Fifth Avenue. Tomorrow you will walk with us down Grande Allée, filled with the pride of La Belle France and le gai Paris, wearing the green of the good saint."

As he spoke, I knew that my release was complete. I knew that I would walk in the Irish Parade in Québec City behind a thousand French Canadians, that I might one day walk in the Irish Parade in New York. I knew that I would sing uninhibited songs about Killarney and the streets of Dublin.

Resentment flooded from my mind as I struggled to my feet.

"My dear wife. Gentlemen. Let me give you a toast. To the good Saint Patrick and La Belle France."

Martineau raised his glass with a grave air. "Monsieur. Madame. To the United States and le bon Saint Georges."

Four Poems

Eldon Grier

I AM ONE WHO SLEEPS IN THE LAP OF AN OLD PORT

I am one who sleeps in the lap of an old port,
Awakens to the sad cat cleaning of the waves,
Shores up head with arm in the manner of Walt Whitman,
Scrapes nail on toe to feel if it is really now.

Too familiar is the deaf-sight of the place;
Peninsulas menacing like pineapples on a smooth plate —
Tonsils in a blackened throat, musical pudenda
To the oldest of the raving life surrogates.

Growing slightly sick of my extended day
I slant a string of words at prominent solemnities,
Stretch to see them stop racked zig-zag in the picture light,
Grow sharper and more lyrical than was intended.

Dreams can bring about a synthesis of time;
Telescope to plausibility the passion of a dozen lives,
Take and then deracinate the boy who seeks
Hypnotic landscape rather than the fusion of the first felt.

I am one who sleeps in the lap of an old port
Nourished by the claimless blizzards of its visitations,
Half alive to forests of retorts and spines
And caissons rusting down the dangerous water drops.

SEASON OF UNEASINESS

Above the living and the dead —
A riverbed of stars, planets,
Red and distant in relational
Curves. I would like that special sound,
Something so distinct that I might
Sit in bars on one-time disaster
Days and not be overcome by
The sadness of the exhausted,
Or the early bluster of the
Newest breed of world possessors.

The moon is up, a drifting cat's
Paw covering its face — on blots
Of grey the instant spoor of tracers
May have marked the day successful —
And as I represent the flux,
The play, the actual flow,
You may feel this moon, the atom,
Dogstar, Phoenix, everlasting stray
Of light, the liquid consequence
Of sudden memorial pain.

The element of stillness bears
The rattle of a train, dumb cry
Of voices, helices of flies.
Exaggerate the poets' claim
For silences! Place reticles
Against the billion-terraced glass
Of our inheritance! I know
The rigid preachers' "peace" restrains
That greater truce when we survive
The relevance of our survival.

Across the lake the careful greens
Are plastered with expended light.
The moon, grown shriller, bobs away
On islands of synthetic snow.
My care, my joy exonerates
The shadows from the crime of their
Detachment — tomorrow though, the
Twin cause of winner and loser,
And paralysing words about
The full-face warriors and saints.

DANCER BY MARINI

A dancer, chrysalid and black,
Her body fitted to the metal racket of the gesture.
However ecstasy transcends the possibilities of this technique
And shows up close to horror
In a rat-toothed grin, a pea-eyed craving for the upper air.

The beaten hoop of arms — forearms, hands, fingers,
fingernails,
Is stunted to escape the quality of grace.
Her feet (and this is where the focus is
And where the moment ultimately fails) displace
The rudiments of flight; heart, brains, cage of bird bones,
Rage, strain, and in the minus column;
Blood and tender grains, brimming cryptic organs, curds
of flesh.

But how could I forget that what it is is anchored here,
And that its inner sweat is real and whole.

OF WALLS AND THE SEA

To end these familiar epics
we must all agree
To mothball the fortified cell of One,
To stitch the hero, still brandishing an oar,
On strips of formally tempestuous green.

his great mural, has a stroke and lies dying,—explaining to a nun that laughter is the same thing as prayer.

The avoidance of this sort of meaning seems typical of the English determination to reduce personality to the simple categories of normal or eccentric. In assessing this film as a work of small genius it is necessary to include all such limitations within the definition of the term. For there is something about the entire film that could be called genius, and every ounce is English:—the original novel with its buzzing, exploding, metaphorical language and non-conformist religious point of view; Guinness' acting with its keen perception of the outer crusts acquired by people; and the paintings of John Bratby used in the film, not quite in and not quite out of the modern school, but painted as though the English had invented paint and France had never existed. It is a pity that the score is not English as well. Prokofiev's *Lieutenant Kije* has the right satiric touch but an old English rustic tune would have completed the provincial insular effect.

Using the paintings of an actual contemporary artist, the controversial John Bratby, was a daring stroke. The audience is never safely sure that Gulley's paintings are the masterpieces he thinks them and this gives the film an immediacy that involves the viewer on Gulley's own terms. Most films about artists are certified pieces, like the recent one on Van Gogh's life several seasons ago in which every effort was made to create sets identical in detail and color to Van Gogh's paintings so that the audience could be safely assured that he was a realistic painter after all. The photographer of *The Horse's Mouth*, Arthur Ibbetson, has portrayed London as it would be seen through the eyes of an artist, all form and color, but not in the manner of any recognizable style. The whole film is permeated by Gulley's egocentric unique manner,—“take me as I am or leave me alone . . . preferably the latter.”

JOAN FOX.

Correspondence

The Editor:

I suppose one eventually learns that political commentary should only venture into prognostication in the *daily press*. It is somewhat sobering to see one's forgotten forecasts published in cold print some four months after events have disproved them. May I be allowed to add a postscript to my article “Teachers to the Barricades” in your last issue?

It ended with the sentence: “It remains to be seen whether the present Government will try to take advantage of this growing neutralism (i.e. of middle-of-the-road liberal opinion towards the battle between the government and the trade unions and Socialist Party) to curb the Socialist left—at the expense of the political liberties which Japan has enjoyed since the war.” It no longer does remain to be seen. The Government did try to take advantage—and got a bloody nose. “Neutralism” proved to be my misreading of the situation, at least in so far as it implied apathy. My only excuse is that it is a misreading in which the Government apparently shared.

Early in October the Government tried to introduce an amendment to the Police Duties Act which would enlarge the powers of the police to enter premises, ban demonstrations and make protective arrests. The opposition was intense. The Socialist Party was supported by all but insignificant sections of the press. The list of organizations which demonstrated in Tokyo against the Bill ranges from the YWCA to the PEN Club. Petitions came from bar associations, young musicians groups and housewives leagues. Diet business was at a standstill for two months, until,

after the Government had staked its honor on the passage of the Bill, it eventually backed down and withdrew it. This vigorous and successful defence of civil liberties should reassure anyone who derived from my article the impression that Japanese democracy was in a bad way.

R. P. Dore.

Turning New Leaves

► A FEW YEARS AGO a cynical British reviewer of Mark Clark's *From the Danube to the Yalu* commented that the reason why British World War II Generals had preserved their reputations was because they had refrained from writing their memoirs. Since that time several have broken that restraint, notably Lord Alanbrooke and, now, Viscount Montgomery. Even though one might doubt the myth of infallibility which editor Sir Arthur Bryant created by judicious selection and commentary, Alanbrooke's *The Turn of the Tide* made it clear that the Chief of the Imperial General Staff played a greater part than had been formerly realized in the fashioning of victory. By contrast, Montgomery's reputation for infallibility was already established in many minds; and the world has awaited the publication of his memoirs chiefly to hear his rebuttal against attackers who have sought to challenge his popular prestige.

His new book follows the sound military maxim of attacking in order to defend, and he makes free use of the vigorous and caustic language for which he is famous. These *Memoirs** leave the reader in no doubt of Montgomery's military genius, but, they reveal little or nothing that was not known before. Nevertheless the book is essential reading for those who would study the war or the international problems of the post-war world, for the Field Marshal raises problems and suggests solutions which must be given the benefit of a hearing.

Montgomery writes, “the so-called ‘good fighting generals’ of the (First World) war appeared to me to be those who had a complete disregard for human life” (p. 35); and later he complains that the “good fighting generals” were in all the high posts after the war, “playing musical chairs with the top jobs but never taking a chair away when the music stopped”; . . . “the army was unlucky in its political chiefs” (p. 39). He blames the politicians for this dangerous state of affairs, saying that they selected the wrong appointees. He concludes that “an extensive use of weedkiller is needed in the senior ranks after a war” (p. 40). It is perhaps too much to expect him to admit that the qualities which make a “good fighting general” in any war are not necessarily those which make successful military chiefs in time of peace. But the successful warriors cannot be lightly cast on one side when peace comes.

The question of a general's attitude to casualties comes up in many other places in Montgomery's story. He insists that he believes that “a good general must not only win his battles; he must win them with a minimum of casualties and loss of life” (p. 348). However, he and other generals were not always agreed whether it was sound policy to accept continuing losses. At Alamein he threatened to fire two subordinate generals who demurred at pressing on for fear of heavy casualties (p. 132). Three days later, when he began to realize from the casualty figures that he must be careful, he withdrew into reserve the corps which he previously thrust through and behind the enemy's prepared lines, causing consternation in the War Office. So, while he would permit no subordinate, or even superior, to deviate

*THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, K.G.: Collins; pp. 574; \$6.50.

from the essentials of his master plan, he retained for himself a degree of flexibility in its application which was related to the state of the casualty lists.

In one of the two big strategical disputes in which Montgomery was directly involved, he was accused of being deterred from vigorous advance by a fear of heavy casualties. This was in regard to the break-out from the Normandy beach-head in which, it has been alleged, the British failed in the east at Caen and the Americans therefore broke out in the west, an allegation which has the weighty support of General Eisenhower. Montgomery's case has already been presented by the late Chester Wilmot in *The Struggle for Europe*, namely that the master plan always called for an advance south followed by a left-wheeling movement with Caen as the "hinge". Therefore the break-out had to be on the west. The British Army's task was to draw upon itself on the left flank as much of the enemy armour as was possible in order to enable the Americans on the right to achieve their objective. "Eisenhower", says Montgomery, "failed to comprehend the basic plan to which he had himself cheerfully agreed" (p. 256).

Montgomery resented Eisenhower's complaint that the British and Canadians were "leaving all the fighting to the Americans" (p. 261). He admits in his *Memoirs* that Dempsey's Second British Army did not achieve its immediate objective since it failed to capture Caen in the time planned; but he argues that the timing of the phases of the invasion had been made chiefly for administrative purposes and that amendment for tactical reasons was unimportant. He produces figures to show that Dempsey did draw the bulk of Rommel's armour to the eastern flank, thus making possible the spectacular American break-out on the west.

He also gives other figures which cast more light on the matter. These are the casualty totals at intervals from D-Day to July 19. They show that British and Canadian losses ran from about 30% to 36% of the total Allied losses. But Eisenhower has shown that on July 2 there were as many as 12 British and Canadian divisions in Normandy to 13 American, i.e. 48% of the total force committed (*Crusade in Europe*, p. 269). Eisenhower complained to Churchill on or about July 26 that the British were not bearing their share of the effort.

Bradley's attempt to break out in the West had begun the day before. By August 11, when the battle of Normandy was over, British and Canadian losses had climbed to 40% of the Allied total; but by that time their share of the total Allied divisions had fallen to about 43%. It is clear, therefore, that while the Americans suffered a greater share of the earlier casualties (partly due to the heavy losses in the parachute drops and perhaps also to lack of battle experience), in the later stages of the Battle of Normandy the British casualty rate became markedly greater than that of the American.

These figures and dates must be considered along with the fact that in the planning stage Anglo-American discussions had been dogged by American suspicion that the British, fearful of another blood-bath like the first World War, would not cross the Channel in 1944 if they were not pushed. Montgomery (who was in the Mediterranean at the time) has nothing to say about this question. But when such an idea was rife, and when the casualty figures in the early days after the invasion seemed to support it, there is little wonder that Eisenhower was led to voice his doubts and suspicions to Churchill.

The feelings aroused by this dispute may have influenced Montgomery's stand in the second big strategic issue on the Western Front. He wanted a monopoly of available sup-

plies for a single thrust by the Armies under his command across the northern plains to cut off the Ruhr and finish the war in 1944. He may have been anxious, not merely to play the leading part in the war, but also to cast off the slur that the British had been "dragging their feet" in Normandy. Eisenhower's American generals, however, wanted supplies for their own assaults further south. The Supreme Commander adopted a compromise of an attack on a broad front, but with some degree of priority for Montgomery's effort in the north. Several times Montgomery said that he accepted this ruling as final, only to raise it again when opportunity occurred. The Field Marshal declares that the prolongation of the War into 1945, and the advance of the Soviet Union into the heart of Europe, were due to Eisenhower's failure to adopt the Montgomery plan.

On the other hand, the success of a single thrust remains problematical. The Allied lines of communications were over-stretched back to Normandy; the Channel ports and Antwerp were not yet available. Furthermore, the German counter-attack in December showed that the Nazis were still full of fight. The probability is that Montgomery's case has been given a new lease of life, and has gained some credence in certain circles, because of the West's irritation at the course the Cold War has taken. His *Memoirs*, which do not discuss the technical question whether a slight thrust could have been left moving with such extended supply lines, cannot give a complete answer to this difficult strategic problem.

As Chief of the Imperial General Staff, as Chairman of the Western Union Commanders-in-Chief Committee (European Army), and latterly as Deputy Supreme Commander of N.A.T.O. forces, Montgomery has lent his great prestige to the cause of a greater integration of Western defences. Indeed, he claims that as early as 1946 he obtained Mr. Mackenzie King's and Mr. Truman's approval of combined planning and standardization in all aspects of defence. But it is not clear why he found the Plevin plan for "complete fusion of all the human and material elements" of a European force "utterly impractical" (p. 511) and yet can argue in favour of "collective balanced forces for N.A.T.O. as a whole, rather than on a national or regional basis as at present" (p. 522), unless the latter means simply that a nation would provide, not a balanced force of all arms, but infantry, artillery, armour, fleets, air forces, etc., as required. However, Montgomery had always strongly objected to the British desire to do that very thing in the form of a commitment to European defence limited to naval and air forces.

This book is advertised as showing that Montgomery is aware that the threat to the West is "not the possibility of a shooting war but the more insidious onslaught of economic forces aimed at undermining the very foundations of our civilization." In fact he does not seem to appreciate that fact at all. He does not mention Nye Bevan's protest that defence costs could cripple the West, a plea that N.A.T.O. political chiefs re-echoed later. For Montgomery, defence costs appear to have been limited only by the amount which the politicians could be induced to supply. In his view, the "two conflicting defence tasks" are the protection of Europe against direct aggression and the protection of the sources of raw materials and markets outside Europe against threats of a "cold war" nature, problems which are "bedevilled by the rival economic demands of modern socialism, welfare states, and a hotly competitive world market" (p. 525). Montgomery's whole attitude to the relation between economic and military strength is shown in two sentences. "The emphasis was on economic recovery. It was not understood that economic strength without military strength is useless: both are necessary, with a proper balance between the two."

Nowhere does he make the corollary statement, that military power cannot exist without economic strength.

Throughout the book Montgomery has much to say on military leadership, a field in which he is himself a shining example. One important element in his concept of leadership is personal contact between leader and followers, which many other military men despised as merely a form of self-publicity. He is convinced that many of the same principles of leadership can have application in civil life. Frequently Montgomery asserts that he always abjured politics and regarded himself as a professional soldier subject to the authority of his political masters. But it is noticeable that on several occasions when he could not get his own way, he threatened to resign and speak out in the House of Lords. The Field Marshal is of the opinion that Eisenhower, for whose qualities he expresses a great respect, reached his greatest heights as President of the United States. It is to be hoped that Montgomery, with his views on the need for and nature of leadership, and with his military approach to the problem of the relations between defence needs, economic organization, and social welfare, will content himself in his retirement from military life with the vast contribution he has undoubtedly made to the security of the West and will restrict his activities to the cultivation of his new garden at Isington Mill.

RICHARD A. PRESTON.

Books Reviewed

Public Affairs

SPAIN—A MODERN HISTORY: Salvador de Madariaga; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 736; \$8.75.

This book might more appropriately be called "A History of Modern Spain", for, while it recounts the Spanish story from its beginnings, its emphasis is on the recent past, the present and the future. The first edition of this book was published in 1930 but it has since been revised, added to and brought up to date. This is reflected in its length, its uneven style and unwieldy construction. Madariaga describes his main purpose in this edition as being "an objective examination of the events of 1931-41", and he indicates that this is addressed specifically to English-speaking readers. The Spanish Republic, the rebel uprising, Guernica, Mussolini's volunteers and "non-intervention", Azana, Luis Caballero, Negrin—all these names and events which now seem so far away, are brought vividly to life. In an account which is interspersed with elaborate personal reminiscences, the Civil War and its aftermath are seen against the background of a detailed analysis of Spain's basic problems, and, more particularly, in terms of the underlying character of the Spanish people.

Salvador de Madariaga, a distinguished and well-known Spanish writer and historian, speaks of himself as "one of a handful of middle-of-the-way, liberal or Socialist, Spaniards". He writes of modern Spain from personal knowledge and experience. He was intimately acquainted with many of the statesmen and politicians of the Monarchy and the Republic. He had himself served in various important posts, both at home and abroad, for the Republican Government. Living in exile since the beginning of the Civil War, he spoke out for peace and reconciliation during the conflict. The author stands aside from the passions and enthusiasms of either the Right or the Left—in his view both sides were equally to blame for the tragedy and Spain herself was the loser. Many of the ideas here expressed about the causes of the Civil War and the nature of the forces at work will seem strange to those whose sympathies

in the '30's were unquestioningly with the Republican side. Indeed, the stock interpretations current at the time are shown to be facile oversimplifications and the pitfalls in applying ready-made labels and standardized concepts to the situation in Spain are brought out very clearly. In the process of doing this, however, Madariaga develops his own interpretative theory of Spanish history and presents it as the key to any real understanding of Spanish events. This theory, based on an analysis of "Spanish psychology", runs as a central theme through the book. Simply stated it goes as follows: The Spaniard is neither a citizen nor a subject—he is a man. He thinks of himself either as an individual or in terms of the Universe, and this "oscillation between the two extremes is the rhythm that underlies the history of Spain". The Spaniard's aversion or incapacity for social cohesion and cooperation explains the regional and political separations, verging on anarchy, which are so marked a feature of Spanish life. At the same time, the extreme individualism tends towards dictatorship. Whether in anarchy or in dictatorship, the Spanish people have a rich personal culture, qualities of heart and an innate sense of freedom ("the usual test—illiteracy—breaks down in Spain") which, if properly canalized, can accomplish great things. In the 16th century, religious inspiration proved to be the catalyst for national unity. In the modern age, a new education for social organization, for the orderly techniques of collective life, is required.

Many writers, both Spanish and foreign, have stressed that the Spanish people are not cast in the same mould as European or Western man. The liberal democratic Western tradition, the concepts and motivations of modern industrial society, have not yet made their impact on Spain. Indeed, many would urge Spain to glory in her distinctiveness and exclaim, with Unamuno, "Let the others invent!" There is much real insight in these observations and impressions, but whether they should be erected, as in Madariaga's writings, into an all-embracing theory of Spanish history, or even used in explanation of the Civil War, is surely far less apparent.

Space does not permit reference to all the matters discussed in this book. They cover everything from an analysis of physical types in the various Spanish regions, to a detailed review of Spanish foreign policy and the author's own activities as Spanish representative at the League of Nations. A particularly interesting letter from Stalin to the head of the Republican government in 1936 is appended. Suffice it to mention the central chapters on the Republic and the Franco regime. Madariaga recalls the entry of the Republic ("La Nina Bonita — the Pretty Girl"—) onto the scene in April, 1931. "A joy like that of nature in spring—such was the mood of Spain in those glorious first days". A new world seemed in sight; the legislators decreed autonomy for the Catalans and the Basques, agrarian reform, secular education, union rights, parliamentary democracy. Within a year or two the picture had changed to one of constant internal struggles among the parties and factions of the Left, labour strikes, violence and lawlessness in the streets. As a reaction, the Monarchists and other conservative and right-wing groups closed their ranks and grew in strength. According to Madariaga, it was the excesses of the Left-wing extremists within the Republican government that led directly to the Civil War. When the Rebels rose, the main-springs of public power went over to their side. Madariaga feels that the course of wisdom and patriotism for the Republican government would have been "to get out of the way and let the military take charge". Instead, the government chose to "arm the people, which in actual fact meant arming a number of fiercely rival workers' unions, and chaos". Then followed the long, involved story of foreign

infiltration on both sides and the Spanish war took on a form and ferocity never envisaged by either side, ending with outright Soviet control over the government and the development of a consciously anti-liberal political system under the leadership of Franco himself. Madariaga paints a dark picture of the Franco regime, which he condemns primarily on the grounds of its intolerance and vindictiveness towards its erstwhile opponents, and on the grounds of the "irresponsible nature" of its leadership. What of the future? Madariaga draws a sharp distinction between the essence and the machinery of democracy. He does not prescribe any particular form of political institutions, whether of the Right or the Left, but rather a concerted effort to introduce order and stability, through economic development and industrialization, and through education for collective life at all levels.

M. Schwarzman.

THE FACE OF EARLY CANADA. Pictures of Canada which have helped to make history: F. St. George Spendlove; Ryerson Press; pp. xxii, 162; \$8.50; de luxe \$14.00.

Mr. Spendlove has produced an excellent volume containing 128 fine pictures relating to Canadian history, from the Sigmund Samuel Collection in the Royal Ontario Museum. The pictures are from prints produced chiefly in the period 1759-1860. Some will be familiar to those conversant with Canadian history; but Mr. Spendlove has included many which are not so well known. The pictures include a great number of scenes of Canadian towns: Halifax, Quebec, Kingston, Toronto, Brockville, Cobourg and Queenston. There are early prints of Percé Rock, Niagara Falls, Montmorency Falls and other less famous scenes. Many of the prints are of people. There are pictures of North American Indians, French Canadian habitants and more fashionably dressed Nineteenth Century English Canadians. There are military and naval actions: the Taking of Quebec, the Battle of Lake Erie, the Death of Wolfe.

The book also contains some 90 pages of commentary on early Canadian pictures. The author gives a great deal of information about the techniques employed in reproducing pictures in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, biographical material about the principal artists, comments on their quality and style and lists of their pictures. The sections on George Heriot (1760-1816) and J. P. Cockburn (1779-1847) are particularly well done.

The volume brings out a number of points which are of interest to the Canadian historian. Most of the early Canadian artists were British army officers, many of whom had been taught to sketch by the famous artist, Paul Sandby, R.A., at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Many of the prints in this volume are by officers: Hervey Smyth, Thomas Davies, J. F. W. Des Barres, G. B. Fisher and J. P. Cockburn. R. Short's prints of Quebec in 1759 indicate the devastating effects of British naval gunnery during the siege. The pictures of people are of especial concern to the social historian. Thus the famous series *A Picnic to Montmorency* is a commentary on Quebec society in the middle Nineteenth Century period. It is brilliantly supplemented by the description of Quebec society in the chapter on Cockburn.

The author omits portraits from his volume "as belonging more to the field of biography." There were obvious practical reasons for omitting portraits but the reviewer questions the distinction which Mr. Spendlove appears to draw between history and biography. A companion volume of portraits would be of great use to Canadian historians.

Mr. Spendlove envisages his volume as a contribution to the emergence of a Canadian national culture. "Prints of Canada", he writes, "show us what Canada looked like in early times, and they help to clarify in our minds the concept of the essential Canadian tradition, point of view and ways of doing things." This fine volume will help to develop an increased knowledge of the "essential Canadian tradition."

D. C. Masters

POWER AND FOLLY: the Story of the Caesars: Ivar Lissner; translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 384, 84 illustrations, 13 maps; \$7.00.

The avowed object of the Author is to present the fascinating history of the Roman Empire in the form supposed most suitable for lay consumption, personal biographies liberally laced with gossip, salacious if possible. The formula had long ago been admirably compounded by Suetonius and less admirably continued by the Augustan History. The present version is well geared to modern taste: the salaciousness has been toned down and use has been made of modern studies. Yet the defects remain; everything and everyone is painted black or white, antitheses start with the title, and moral judgments abound with more than Tacitean profusion. In the first part of the work the Author makes little attempt to escape the influence of the splendid rhetoric and savage indignation of some of the greatest of Roman writers, but when Tacitus deserts him the work improves historically. In particular the part devoted to the period between Severus and Constantine is an excellent popular treatment of this extraordinarily interesting and important yet still obscure century that saw the collapse and renaissance of the Empire. The accounts of Gallienus—who for the first time in a work of this kind receives belated justice—Aurelian, Diocletian and Constantine can be warmly commended. The translation reads easily, the illustrations, chiefly portrait busts of sometimes questionable authenticity, are plentiful and well chosen, and there are numerous good and very clear maps. The somewhat pretentious bibliography seems to have been taken unchanged from the German edition; Carcopino's *Daily Life* recently republished as a Penguin, is cited in the German edition. The book has many merits as an "oeuvre de vulgarisation" but it seems to the present reviewer that "they order these matters better in France."

G. Bagnani

EASTERN EXPOSURE: Marvin L. Kalb; Ambassador; pp. 332; \$5.50.

Mr. Kalb was a doctoral student at the Harvard Russian Research Center in 1955 when he was selected by the State Department to serve as a press attaché to work in the American Embassy in Moscow for a period of one year. This book is a personal journal of his experiences during that year in the USSR. The fact that he spoke Russian and was given considerable freedom to move about the country should make this a book of unusual insight. While it is a pleasant and engaging book, it is not a profound nor an arresting one. Mr. Kalb seems to have met a few loyal "party hacks" and innumerable discontented youth. I know of no reliable observer of the Soviet Union who has arrived at Mr. Kalb's conclusion that: "There is such disillusionment, unhappiness, and bewilderment among youth, that I ask myself: how can this system continue, on any long-range basis, without the support of youth?"

M. G. R.

Letters

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF CANADIAN VERSE, introduced and edited by Ralph Gustafson, Penguin Books, 1958, 255 pp., 70c.

This is an excellent anthology of Canadian poetry, certainly the best at its price and possibly the best at any price. Its only real rival is Smith's *Book of Canadian Poetry*, and in some ways it is a better book than Smith's.

Perhaps it is because we have grown accustomed to, and a little tired of, Smith's introduction that the Gustafson introduction seems more deft, more witty, less pretentious and less tendentious. Smith's introductions to the successive editions of his book have not been revised as thoroughly as they might and should have been; he begins to sound a bit like a gramophone, its needle stuck in the same old groove. Gustafson, in contrast, is fresh, provocative, challenging. His first paragraph, unlike most first paragraphs in treatments of Canadian literature, is affirmative, not apologetic. "Canadian poetry has had self-respect and integrity from the first", he says in the opening sentence, striking a fine bravura note that remains dominant to the end. At times, perhaps, his enthusiasm runs away with him — "Heavysege touches mastery," Sangster "is all innocence," the Group of the Sixties are "as distinguished poets as North America has produced," Pratt is "a master narrator, a technician of splendour and man of compassion and ironic depth," the Canadians of the forties and fifties "are writing as well as any of their contemporaries in England and the United States" — but since the enthusiasm is frank and unpretentious and expressed directly rather than in the jargon of the new criticism, we applaud and accept it. We *ought* to have the right now to say these things about ourselves occasionally, even though no one else is likely to say them and Mr. "Darekill" Dobbs is sure to sneer.

If the introduction is fresh and invigorating, the selection of poets and poems is sound and comprehensive. Here the debt to Smith is obvious — for whatever lighthearted criticism we may direct against the repetitions and anachronisms and inaccuracies of Smith's later editions the fact remains that his first edition established the canon of our poetry for at least a generation. Of Gustafson's sixty-three poets, all but seven are in Smith's first edition; and of Smith's seventy, all but ten are in Gustafson. But if Smith cleared the field and reaped the first harvest, Gustafson has made the most of his predecessor's husbandry and has obtained a slightly better yield. And the seven poets of his own gleanings — John F. Herbin, Virna Sheard, R. A. D. Ford, Eldon Grier, Leonard Cohen, Daryl Hine, and Norman Levine — make a richer sheaf than Smith's personal ten (Odell, Stansbury, O'Grady, Moodie, Howe, Hunter Duvar, Audrey A. Brown, Neil Tracy, Dorothy Roberts, and James Wreford).

When it comes to selections from the common poets, the advantage is now on one side, now on the other. For Bliss Carman, for example, Gustafson does rather better with "A Seamark," "Christmas Song" and the song from *Sappho* than Smith does with "Daphne," "The House of Idiedaily," and "Lord of my Heart's Elation" (both, of course, reprint "Low Tide" and "A Northern Vigil"). As Gustafson sensibly says in introduction, "Carman, largely, is at his worst in the poems which present themselves as his best, when he is capturing the 'oversoul' and is down the lanes as a fine vagabond" — and it is a pity to see Smith failing to realize this and continually reprinting the swagger of Idiedaily and the uplift of Elation. F. R. Scott, on the other hand, is represented far more characteristically by Smith, in such well-worn but long-wearing satires as "Saturday Sundae," "Tourist Time," and "The Canadian Authors Meet," than

by Gustafson with his "Conflict," "Old Song," and especially the overly-contrived "Caring." With Pratt, it is however Gustafson who scores. There is far too much of the early "Cachelot" in Smith, the Dunkirk selection simply can't compete with Pratt's best work, and "The Witches' Brew" represents a side of Pratt that could have been adequately illustrated in a much briefer passage. Gustafson shows better taste in giving us samples from the two finest Pratt narratives, *Brebeuf* and *Titanic*, and four short poems including the magnificently resonant "From Stone to Steel."

Both Smith and Gustafson are guilty of representing themselves in their anthologies, a form of egotism that is human and natural enough, though I think Smith has rather overestimated his own importance by including ten of his own poems and Gustafson his by five! However, I hasten to cry *peccavi*, as in a weak moment I put one of my own stories into the third edition of my *Book of Canadian Stories*!

Smith's book does contain roughly twice as many pages as Gustafson's, and a hard cover, but at nearly ten times the price it is hardly likely to offer Gustafson serious competition as a textbook, especially in introductory courses. Since, however, Smith's devotion to the cause of Canadian poetry has been as nearly disinterested as is humanly possible, he is sure to be among the first to welcome this excellent, inexpensive rival. It will make available an enthusiastically introduced and judiciously selected compilation of Canadian poetry to a large and grateful audience.

Desmond Pacey

MEDITATION AT NOON: By Peter Miller; Contact Press; 101 pp., \$2.00.

A LATTICE FOR MOMUS: By R. B. Everson; Contact Press; 58 pp., \$2.00.

THE REBIRTH OF PRIDE: By Jonathan Griffin; Secker & Warburg; 95 pp., \$2.35.

POETS OF TODAY V: By O. B. Hardison, Jr., Kenneth Pitchford, Sheila Pritchard; Scribners; 191 pp. \$5.25.

The grouping of these four collections of poetry into one review is purely haphazard, but convenient. Omnibus reviews of poetry are commonplace these days. Literary quarterlies find it otherwise impossible to cope with the flood of new volumes. *Poetry* (Chicago) lists an average of 40 new books every month, and often reviews half a dozen at a time.

The four books and six poets presented here have little in common except that their work is contemporary. They indicate no particular trend, unless it is a desire to overcome the public resistance to poetry without bothering to fashion their poems to this end. But they do offer studies in contrast and reveal interesting varieties of diction and technique.

To my mind, Peter Miller, a Britisher who has made his home in Canada since 1939, is the most rewarding. He is an acute observer, and uses a language that is both sensitive and understandable. Each of his poems has a carefully balanced unity; he uses the offices of his art with emotional restraint. His mind is attuned to the sensuous world with just sufficient cynicism to save him from the abyss of addled affectation.

Miller is free of poetic desperation; the tension in his lines is unobtrusively evoked with a well-controlled dramatic understatement made to serve every situation or personality he depicts for us. He never hammers his points home, permitting the reader to apply Miller's insight to his own muddled affairs.

Mr. Everson has a lively perception and his verbal etchings are well matched by the tenuous black and white tones

of Colin Haworth's drawings. His approach to a poem is fairly obvious, and he sometimes seems in a great hurry to get it over with. His is a pastiche personal world in which impressions, often fleeting, flower into a few lines of sensitive recognition. The impressions are frequently abandoned after a few phrases of imaginative rapture, and for me at least leave an effect of jottings or footnotes. I'm not suggesting that a very short poem is necessarily a poor one, but it should yield a glimpse, however momentary, into something strange or magical, and be a complete experience in itself, or a fragment of one.

Mr. Everson is nearly always wrapped up in his own self-discovery. There are only ten poems in which the figurative "I" is not present, though he may intend it sometimes as a persona. I would like to find him in a less subjective mood. In a foreword Louis Dudek says: "Everson avoids the direct, either in word or idea." It seems to me that Everson is nearly always direct. Line after line points up his directness: "Forced to my room, I hear loud voices"; "I stroll in puny traffic home"; "I gape with touring learners"; "I am strangely glad"; "I must find what is meant"; "I know an actress, with a bird-fierce mind"; "I pick allusions off the railway tracks", and many others, in almost every poem. Even the fantasy is direct. Nevertheless, it is the element of colorful fantasy that holds these poems together, and often lifts them from the prosaic source of Everson's ideas. On the whole, this collection falls short of his first book, *Three Dozen Poems*.

In a note, Jonathan Griffin says that his book can be read as one poem, though each individual poem is complete in itself. Searching patiently for this dramatic unity, I concluded that this is another indictment of our violent age. "I would not have God's conscience," Mr. Griffin cries, and eloquently states his reasons. After that, he particularizes, in poem after poem, on the human condition. It all becomes somewhat shrill and accusatory. At the end, in the long title poem, we encounter a recapitulation of the entire situation. It's all pretty desperate and as bleak as the future of Chiang Kai-Shek. The rhetorical pleading seldom lets up:

But now?
Can mind survive in what it tried to find
— the universe a heath blasted by mind?
How?

Volume V of the Scribner Poets of Today series maintains the high standards set by the previous collections. Begun as an experiment six years ago, each number has been actually three books in one, presenting a trio of new poets who might otherwise have to wait individual recognition.

Mr. Hardison, the leadoff poet here, has a philosophical austerity that conceals his true warmth. Some of his themes are religious: The Passion, Pentecost, The Feast of the Assumption, Nativity — from which he seeks to extract new values for the modern age. Truth is an ever-present compulsion with him, and he probes for it in every poem within his own area of experience. In another group, which includes Bernini's Colonnade and Via Appia Antica, Rome and St. Peter's are points of departure as the womb of western culture. His workmanship is excellent throughout.

Kenneth Pitchford has a fine ear for the musical lyric, using fixed measures and a technical deployment of vowel tones with great effect, as in the five part folk opera, *Good For Nothing Man*. But his real strength lies in his humanity and his concrete depiction of persons and places. Here he combines music and intellect to give us a kaleidoscopic array of characters: Aunt Cora, The Ploughman, The Hitch-Hiker, The Young Housewife, The Jeweler, etc., and

scenes: Still-Life From a Packing Plant, Seen In Central Park, Wheatfield, The Roman Forum, etc., all of which testify to his scope.

Both Hardison and Pitchford work well within traditional forms. Sheila Pritchard is more experimental. She wants "to try roads of expression, studying always what is being done, but sincerely also endeavoring to show a singular insight in a singular way, without at the same time being obscure."

The obscurity is not always avoided. I could make little out of those poems where the syntax and typographical tricks run wild, although they are rich enough in startling phrases. For the most part, however, she records a first-hand knowledge of nature and human experience with great attention to detail.

The other morning, on Dave Garroway's *Today*, Mark Van Doren, speaking of the current literary scene, said: "Too many poets today don't care how many people like them." Without enlarging upon this at the moment, I think that a great deal of current poetry is only an extension of the poet's ego on paper, and he is furious if he is not recognized. If he achieves publication in book form, even at his own expense, he thinks he has fulfilled his role. If the public then neglect him, he couldn't care less. There is some element of a shut-away world in all the poets discussed here, although not to the same degree.

Vernal House

TWELVE MODERN FRENCH-CANADIAN POETS:

Translated by G. R. Roy with French text; Ryerson; pp. 99; \$3.50.

It is a difficult task to transpose a poem from one language to another without strangling, in the process, the thought or the meter and make us feel that it echoes the original. Certainly Mr. Roy has faithfully reproduced the physical content and the actual words. We wonder if he does not fall short sometimes of the mood and occasionally of the rhythm. Naturally a translator must take some liberties but at the same time remain close to the model and suggest in every possible way the sound it gives. The author has adhered closely to the original and has faithfully suggested what had been intended for the reader without undue elaboration.

To acquaint the English-speaking public with "a sampling of modern French-Canadian verse in translation" is to fill a cultural need and Mr. Roy has succeeded. We deplore however that the translator did not evaluate the poets he presents, that he has not shown how they fit into the present pattern and evolution of French-Canadian literature. But perhaps it is not the duty of the translator. It would have been interesting to trace the deviations of the modern French-Canadian poets from tradition and their affirmation of new liberties of thought as well as of prosody. We would like to know what prompted his choice and his mixing of Saint-Denys-Garneau, Anne Hébert, Alain Grandbois, well-known authors, with many others still obscure. Their place within the pattern of French-Canadian poetry would have proved useful. Why has Mr. Roy, without comment, given us only one "poème en prose" of Roland Giguère? I am not sure that Mr. Roy has proved by his choice that French-Canadian poetry today "centres around the inner self of the poet", the truth is that much of the poetry cited is still dense and dry.

We must be grateful however to Mr. Roy for his most commendable work and especially for making the poetry of French Canada accessible to English readers.

Laure Rièze

CANADA MADE ME: Norman Levine; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 274; \$5.00.

Norman Levine, a thirty-four-year-old Canadian expatriate who has spent most of the last ten years in Cornwall, here describes a return visit to Canada that lasted from late winter to early summer and moves from Halifax to Victoria and back again. Mr. Levine expresses his purpose in an introductory note: "Unlike most prodigal sons, I was returning not with the intention of remaining in the bosom of the family but of wandering forth again, perhaps never to return. I wanted to have a last look at my country and leave it with a good taste in my mouth." If that indeed was his purpose, the trip could hardly have been a bigger failure.

Mr. Levine has a powerful descriptive gift: his dismal scenes and desperate people come to life before us, but his gift seems to operate only in the dark corners. His pilgrimage is a kaleidoscope of cheap hotels, bad meals, casual meetings, worry about cheques that do not come, and superficial conversations with people he obviously despises. Nothing pleases him: Ottawa is "a safe provincial place", Winnipeg lacks "the brittleness of sophistication or of gaiety", Calgary is "dust, wind, and streets being torn up", the northland is "primitive, hostile, and indifferent". Occasionally his account has a certain shock value, as in the description of a Winnipeg slaughterhouse, or the sharp vignette of the drunken woman in a third-rate Vancouver hotel who remarked: "The best part of the day is about ten seconds in the morning when I begin to wake . . . when I don't know who I am, where I am, or what it's about. And then I wake up. And I think how nice it would be just to wake up in the morning and not feel that here's another day that has to be got through."

To Mr. Levine the whole of Canada is obviously "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable", but surely all those patriotic souls who have risen in angry defence of their native land are missing the point. A book like this reveals more about the author than it does about the country he describes. Beauty, we are told, "is in the eye of the beholder", and ugliness is surely neither more nor less objective. This is not to say that the picture he paints is not true: there are undoubtedly many ugly things and many ignorant and superficial people in Canada, and we should recognize them. But anyone who can travel this vast land and meet so many different people without finding anything to please him is unlikely to find much to please him anywhere in the world. Surely the greatest condemnation Mr. Levine brings against this country is expressed in his title: if Canada made him, it is greatly to blame for turning out an obviously talented individual whose only form of reaction to life is to pour forth a flood of bitter spleen.

Edith Fowke

THE SEASON'S LOVERS: Miriam Waddington; Ryerson; pp. 56; \$2.50.

Mrs. Waddington's third collection of poems begins in "Poets and Statues" with one pair of lovers, and ends in the title poem with another. In a way the pairs are polar opposites. The first seems a kind of projection of man lost in his insensible surroundings, the second emanates from a personal imagination and accomplishes a private consummation. The first pair wander divided in midcity Montreal, a Solomon and Sheba who do not know each other, while the last sleep fulfilled in an ambiguous country between "world false and world true", the sleep of fulfilment being perhaps also one of waiting. If these are poles or oppositions, they are not simple ones, each resting already on a relation of seeming opposites.

Between these complex positions lies the rest of the book. From "Poets and Statues" we move into "The City's Life", where an outward world is shown through a visionary compassion that at the same time faces inward, to the sources of disorder as well as love. The next section, "To Be A Healer", makes the poet's grief specific: the poems are concerned with cases and institutions, with the anomalies of professional and personal feeling. An ambivalent sense informs them. The trained healer to whose task is to help appears as far from a saving angel, almost as part of the machine that is against them and that is forced only by their deviance to recognize them as individuals. Not least of the scapegoat's burdens carried by the prison worker of these poems is recognition of the dignity, privacy and occasional splendor, even among the most derelict, into which she is forced to probe.

The last section, "No Earthly Lover", concerns the inward world alone. Nearly all its poems are love-poems, in one sense or another; one contains the foreshadowing of felicity, long dear to this reviewer, "When Byron dark and Shelley fair/Their appointed places keep". Several record escapes from an unpropitious ordinary life into a more fragile one based on dream or the powers of language. The lovers are separated by distance, and fulfilment is found characteristically in sleep.

Mrs. Waddington once wrote to a (faintly) disparaging reviewer: "Ask yourself as I do, can one hope/To think like Miriam and to write like Pope?" No one would want her to, it is not her job; the century with which she has odd affinities is the late seventeenth — with Herbert whom she loves, with Vaughan (her "Semblances" seems to play on a theme of his), and with the Marvell of "The Definition of Love", though her wry wit has not the hardness of his. Too, Vaughan's world of immortality here gives place to one of love, perhaps not quite infinite; beyond it there seems to lie, not entirely in keeping with the poet's Jewish upbringing and symbols, a rather Protestant agnosticism.

It is in her love-poems that Mrs. Waddington is something of a metaphysical; and here she also tends, in contrast with her usual irregularity, to write in tighter forms, especially (again following the later seventeenth century) octosyllabic quatrains. Into these she nearly always introduces unexpected irregularities. In the first of the love-poems, "Exchange", the effect is very satisfactory, but elsewhere it is more puzzling. As a device, it may imply a suspicion that such a tidy and pointed stanza, with the trimming-down it requires, is not really her form, and that her characteristic emotional quality requires to diffuse itself a little more. This is just a guess; but her looser-shaped poems seem to me to have more body.

The qualities that stand out most firmly from *The Season's Lovers*, apart from its author's skill and the integrity of its structures, are those of the humane constructive intelligence labouring to reconcile the worlds of society and self, of fact and imagination.

J. M.

THE SHAPING SPIRIT: Studies in Modern English and American Poets: A. Alvarez; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 191; \$4.25.

Of Empson's "Missing Dates" Mr. Alvarez says: "Then there is the heavy, flat rhythm, which is apt enough for the subject of the poem — the inevitability of defeat — but which works like a drug; it deadens you into accepting the resigned emptiness, but spares you the more personal difficulty of feeling the poet's conclusions out for yourself." This seems rather a fantastic objection; as if a poet is to be blamed for effectiveness. In your poems about the "inevitability of defeat," poets, kindly avoid a supporting

rhythm so that Mr. Alvarez can feel the "inevitability of defeat" under his own steam. Unfortunately the whole book is like this. Instead of devising a rational and carefully worked out critical mirror which would allow the reader to see what modern poetry is really like, Mr. Alvarez finds his own prejudices, boredoms, preconceptions and intuitions so interesting that he makes T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden and Wallace Stevens' poetry conform to them rather than the other way around. Since Mr. Alvarez's personality seems only attuned to D. H. Lawrence's poetry and is somewhat blind to the pleasures of a more impersonal art, a great deal of modern poetry naturally looks rather monstrous to him. What is particularly annoying is the way a certain quality in a poet is seen as a fault when obviously the poet has spent a whole lifetime in achieving that particular quality, e.g., Auden's wit and classical dryness. In the field of criticism Mr. Alvarez is the equivalent of a racist; the "real feeling" poets like Lawrence are O.K., but anyone coloured somewhat differently has very little chance of getting a good room at Mr. Alvarez's hotel.

James Reaney

BACK TO THE DRAFTING BOARD

(Continued from front page)

the Russians from using them and maybe even from producing them.

The fate of the Arrow has rightly raised questions about the future of the aircraft industry in Canada. As "Icarus" points out in the last issue of *The Canadian Forum*, government contracts have swollen this into the third largest manufacturing industry in the country. Just as newly independent nations are prone to sink their first sizeable sum of foreign exchange into a useless national airline, just as underdeveloped countries (to the despair of their technical assistants) become intent on taking foreign aid in the form of steel mills and atomic reactors, so successive Canadian Governments have promoted the aircraft industry as a cachet of economic maturity, a symbol of national greatness. Now there is nothing the matter with symbols as such. But the trouble with taking the aircraft industry as a symbol is that, so far from enhancing national stature, it is likely to reduce any but the greatest of the powers to retrenchment or to bankruptcy. It is the more likely to do so if the aircraft industry is largely concerned with military aviation. Such an industry has to do more than design and build a good war plane; it has to be able to take cancellations in its stride. Practically every important fighter and bomber in service has one or more cancelled rivals in its past. The British scrapped their Swift and their SR-177, the Americans their F-106, all reasonable facsimiles of the Arrow. But for them scrapping an aircraft doesn't mean scrapping an industry. For us it does. The return of our aviation enterprises to more modest proportions seems to some to be a national humiliation. That it may be. It is also in the national interest. It is a net addition to the national power. We are undergoing exactly the same experience as Switzerland. Like us, the Swiss decided that the peculiar conditions of their country required a special type of aircraft; like us, they decided to build it themselves. Their product, the P-16 fighter, was not strategically obsolete. But it would not fly very well, and after a series of crashes the Swiss tore up the contract and bought British planes instead, devoting the money thus saved to the production of nuclear weapons.

Two further aspects of the Arrow's fate are causing much anguish. The threatening dispersal of the Avro and Orenda technical teams is on all sides deplored; and the prospect of their more specialized personnel migrating to the United States seems only to add insult to the injury. But from the

standpoint of national interest, is it not highly desirable that the specialists do go to the United States? There they will find a more advanced and diversified defence industry in which to make rational and productive use of their talents, and so contribute more effectively to the defence of the continent which is our common home.

But not all, perhaps not even most, of the bewildered and uprooted folk of Malton and Milton and Brampton will make their way to greener pastures. Many will remain to suffer, through no fault of their own, personal hardship and possibly tragedy. No one wants that, the Government least of all. But it could not have justifiably continued the Arrow program merely to use the Avro and Orenda plants as aeronautical poorhouses. It is of first importance to keep defence policy distinct and separate from welfare policy. If we run our defence establishment as a branch of the welfare state, we will not only end up undefended, we will waste such resources as we have for social service. The Prime Minister's remark that "defence requirements constitute the sole justification for defence procurement" is no less valid for being counsel of perfection.

The Arrow has proven to be a costly and bitter failure. Regret and recrimination at its abandonment will not vanish overnight. Yet there are useful lessons to be learned, and the price of tuition may not prove excessive in the long run. In that spirit we can all go back to the drafting board.

The Years of Crisis

1946 to 1949

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